



KEBLE's Christian Year, a facsimile re-
production of the first form of *Keble's Christian*
Year, in the Author's handwriting, cr. 8vo,
morocco cloth, antique, dull gilt edges; with a
preface and a collation of the variations between
the original and the published editions, 18mo,
limp cloth, 2 vols. *Rever & Turner* 1878
Suppressed, only a few copies got out. *May 1878*

396
1/2

A copy sold at Leavitt
for 26-1881- for 7⁰⁰

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NOTES ON SALES.

KEBLE'S "CHRISTIAN YEAR."

No book has been more talked and written about during the last few weeks than the Rev. John Keble's "Christian Year," of which the first edition appeared a century ago. In a letter to *The Times* of January 15, the Bishop of Winchester wrote of the instantaneous success of this remarkable book, which went through ninety-five editions before the author's death in 1866: "Since then it has been constantly reprinted, and, whatever may be its merits or otherwise from a literary point of view, it is now a household word, or a household book, wherever the English language is spoken." As an Anglican production "The Christian Year" was dealt with at some length in *The Times* of June 25 last, and the celebration of the centenary of the book at Hursley, Hants, on June 21 was reported in *The Times* of the following day. There are various bibliographical points in connexion with this popular book which are worth noting.

As a "best seller" during an author's lifetime it probably has no rival. Of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," which at once suggests itself in this connexion, eleven editions appeared during the author's lifetime—certainly a "record" up to that date. In totally different lines of literature there are other books, such as Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe" and Swift's "Gulliver's Travels," which ran into many editions during the lifetime of the respective authors, but "The Christian Year," with its ninety-five editions in thirty-nine years is probably a world's "record." The first edition is not a particularly rare book, nor is it one which commands a big price; in the original boards it sells for a few pounds only, and rarely exceeds £5, unless the copy has some association interest. In April, 1921, a presentation copy inscribed "William Firth from his affectionate friend the writer," and finely bound in blue morocco, sold for £10 at Sotheby's, and that would seem to be the highest price so far realized. An admirable facsimile of the first edition in two volumes was published in 1897, and may often be picked up for a few shillings. The first American edition was published at Philadelphia in 1834.

There is one very important and interesting phase in the history of this book which does not seem to have been touched upon in the recent centenary celebrations. In the autumn of 1877 the late Mr. Elliot Stock, the publisher, who had made successes with his facsimiles of "The Pilgrim's Progress," "The Temple," "Paradise Lost," "The Compleat Angler," and other books, announced a facsimile of "The First Draft of the Christian Year" in the author's handwriting, with a preface and introduction containing variations from the published text, and hymns not published before. The announcement in the *Athenæum* provoked a protest from the Keble family, which was followed by a defence from the anonymous editor of the facsimile. An injunction was applied for "to restrain the publication by photography or otherwise of any facsimile copy of the author's original manuscript of the 'Christian Year'"; and, following an adjournment, "the defendant submitted to a perpetual injunction with costs." (*Keble v. Stock*, *The Times* Law Reports, 1877, December 1 and 15.) Although no definite reasons were reported in the case of *Keble v. Stock* they were probably to the effect that the sale of the facsimile of the original manuscript would interfere with the sale of the printed edition, and in this matter the owners of the copyright as well as the publishers of the printed book doubtless acted in conjunction.

The facsimile of "The Christian Year" therefore was never published and the whole impression destroyed. But at least two copies got into circulation and found their way into private libraries, and now another, in some mysterious way, has been discovered in a bundle of derelict books. There is no copy in the British Museum, where there is, however, a copy of the matter written and printed to accompany the facsimile; it extends to forty-five pages, and was made up into pamphlet form in a much smaller size than the facsimile, in which it was loosely inserted and of which it did not form an integral part. No copy of the facsimile itself is recorded as having been sold at auction in *Book Prices Current* since it was started in 1887, and it is unknown to London book-sellers.

The facsimile of the manuscript makes a substantial volume of 183 pages, and it is excellently done, for Keble's writing was beautifully clear and distinct. The two copies which got out may have had the prefatory matter, which is absent in the third copy which has just come to light, and which is bound in the old style of covers which Mr. Stock affected in his facsimiles. The title-page, or what serves the same purpose, is a facsimile of Keble's own writing: "MSS. Verses, Chiefly on Sacred Subjects. 1822." This manuscript is the original, at any rate the earliest attainable,

form in which the poems exist. Besides the poems included in "The Christian Year" there are at the end of the book a number of occasional pieces by the author interspersed with others by the author's friends, and all these are indicated in the introductory matter. All are in Keble's autograph; several with the initials G. J. C., and the dates; two sonnets, XII. and XIII., initialled S. T. and dated respectively 1820 and 1822, and verses entitled "The Communion of Saints" with the same initials; and verses "For an Evening Hymn" initialled T. A. These, according to the editor of the facsimile of the manuscript, "could not be omitted if a complete facsimile was to be issued of the MS. book as it stands, and they have at least this connexion with Mr. Keble, that their position in the book is due to his selection." From what has been said it will be seen that the first edition of Keble's "Christian Year" has its bibliographical as well as its devotional side; and it will not have been out of place to set out some of these "points" during the centenary of the publication of this widely popular book.

, AUGUST 18, 1927.

THE FACSIMILE EDITION OF THE "CHRISTIAN YEAR."

Sir,—With your permission I will place on record some additional facts relating to this edition which may be regarded as a literary curiosity.


The first edition of Keble's "Christian Year" was published in 1827, and the author died in 1866; the copyright expired in 1873. A facsimile edition of the author's handwriting was announced by Elliot Stock in 1877, but was withdrawn after the issue of a perpetual injunction. Your correspondent (*The Times Literary Supplement*, July 14) surmises, probably correctly, that the owners of the copyright and the publishers of the printed editions were instigated to combined action by the fear that the sale of the facsimile would interfere with that of the printed book.

It seems that Keble transcribed with his own hand certain copies of the "Christian Year," in 1822, which he presented to his friends. One copy found its way to Mr. Stock through the hands of Mr. J. Herbert Williams, M.A., of Magdalen College, Oxford, who became the anonymous editor of the facsimile edition, and published a preface, also anonymous, in separate binding, with a collation of the variations between the original and the printed

work. It appears that "a new copyright was involved for every word of hitherto unpublished variation introduced; and when the case came into Court it was settled between the parties, Stock undertaking to issue no more."

The fact that the British Museum has only the preface tells its own tale. Three copies of the facsimile were known to your former correspondent, and a fourth lies before me as I write. The only other copy of which I have knowledge belonged to the late Lord Chief Justice Coleridge. This may be identical with one of the three above-mentioned.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,
GEORGE C. PEACHEY.



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John
Keble

Mss. Verses
chiefly on
Sacred
Subjects

1822

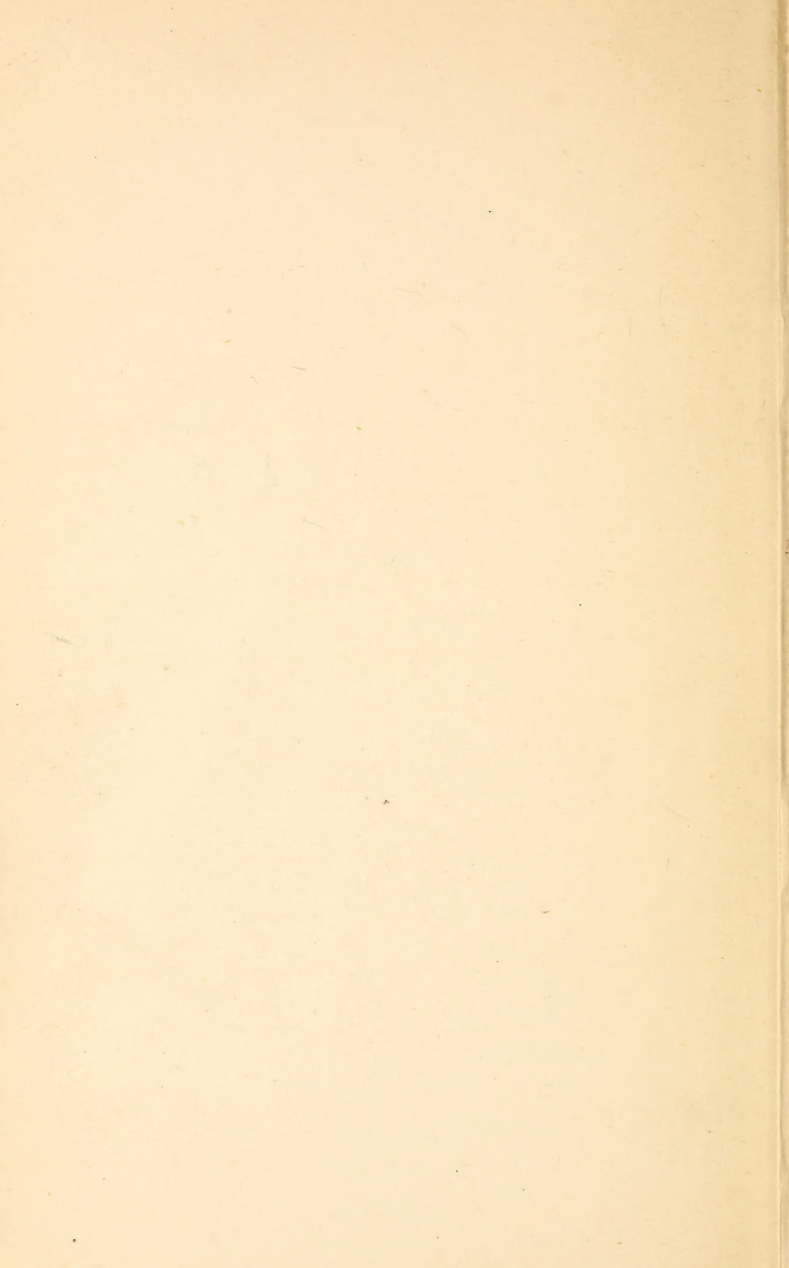


Mss. Verses.

Chiefly on Sacred Subjects.

1822.

John Keble



To M. H. P. . Sept^r 20 . 1822 .

Sweet Lady! the wreath of spring flowers that
 That brightest of mornings in May, ^{you wore}
 When Hope, Love & Innocence danc'd round the
 door,
 And welcom'd your blithe wedding-
 -day;
 Whose fountain of fragrance so glowing and
 bright
 It seem'd that no sun could exhaust,
 Was over and gone in a day and a night,
 All drooping and faded and lost.

I would that this garland of mine were as fair,
 As frail, I am sure it will prove,
 Unless, for Love's sake, you will take it & wear:
 'Tis worthless, except to true Love.

Then take it, all mine & uncount though it be,
 And with it my heart's earnest prayer,

4.

That, happen what will to my garlands & me,
Your wreath may for ever bloom fair.

Those five darling plants that you rear for the
(How precious the trust and divine!) ^{skies -}
May they now and for ever in tenderest guise
Round you and each other entwine!

And in the good ground, & beneath the soft
dew,
Be their portion abundantly given,
Till the Giver reclaim them, to wreath them
As rays of His glory in ^{new} Heaven!

Dedication

for the subsequent Hymns.

When in my silent solitary walk
 I sought a strain, not all unworthy Thee,
 My heart, still ringing with wild worldly
 Gave forth no note of holier ^{talk} minstrelsy.

"Prayer is the secret"; to myself I said;
 "Strong supplication must call down the
 And thus, with untun'd heart, I ^{charm} feebly pray'd,
 Knocking at Heaven-gate with ^{arm} Earth-palsied arm:

"Fountain of Harmony! Thou ~~source~~ ^{source} blest,
 "By whom the troubled waves of earthly sound
 "Are gather'd into order, such as best
 Some high soul'd Bard ~~in~~ ^{round} his enchanted

"May compass - Power Divine! O spread thy
 "Thy dove-like wing, that bids confusion fly,
 "Over my dark void spirit, summoning
 "New worlds of music, strains that may not
 die.

"O happiest, who before Thine altar wait,
 "With pure hands ever holding up on high
 "The guiding star of all who seek Thy gate,
 "Th' undying lamp of heaven-taught Poesy!
 "Too weak, too wavering for such holy task
 "Is my frail arm, O Lord! but I would fain
 "Track to its source the brightness. I would bask
 "In the clear ray, that makes Thy pathway
 plain.
 "I dare not hope with David's harp to chase
 "The evil spirit from the troubled breast:
 "Enough for me, if I may find such grace,
 "To listen to the strain, & be at rest."

Hymn I.

for the 2^d Sunday after Epiphany.

"Every man at the beginning doth set
 "forth good wine, & afterwards that which
 "is worse: But Thou hast kept the good wine
 "until now." S. John ii. 10.

The heart of childhood is all mirth;
 We frolic to & fro
 As free and blithe, as if on earth
 Were no such thing as woe.

But if indeed with eager faith⁷
We trust the flattering voice,
Which whispers, "take thy fill ere death,
"Indulge thee and rejoice";

Too surely, every setting day,
Some lost delight we mourn,
The flowers all die along our way,
Till we, too, die forlorn.

Such is the world's gay garish feast,
In her first charming bowl
Infusing all that fires the breast.
And cheats the 'unstable soul.

And still, as long the revel swells,
The fever'd pulse beats higher,
Till the scar'd taste from fountains
Is fain to slake its fire^{well}.

Unlike the feast of heavenly love,
Spread at the SAVIOUR'S word
For souls that hear His call, & prove
Meet for His bridal board.

Youth's first delicious draught of joy,
 If in youth's innocence we trod,
 Might sparkle left, but would not
 Sublim'd to joy in GOD. cloy,

For is it Hope, that thrills so keen
 Along each bounding vein,
 Still whispering glorious things unseen?—
 Faith makes the vision plain.

The world would kill it soon: but Faith
 Its daring dreams will cherish,
 Speeding the gaze o'er Time & Death
 To realms where nought can perish.

Or is it Love—the dear delight
 Of hearts that know no guile,
 That all around see all things bright
 With their own magic smile?—

The silent joy, that sinks so deep,
 Of Confidence and Rest,
 Lull'd in a Father's arms to sleep,
 Clasp'd to a Mother's breast?—

Who, but a Christian, through all life⁹
That blessing can prolong?
Who, through the world's sad day of strife,
Still chant his morning song?

Fathers may hate us or forsake:
God's foundlings then are we.
Mother on child no pity take:
- But we shall still have Thee.

We may look home, & seek in vain
A fond paternal heart:
But CHRIST hath given His promise plain
To do a brother's part.

Nor shall dull age, as worldlings say,
The heavenward flame annoy.
The SAVIOUR cannot pass away,
And with Him lives our joy.

Ever the richest, tenderest glow
Sets round th' autumnal sun:-
But there sight fails: no heart may
The bliss, when life is done^{know}.

Such is Thy banquet, dearest LORD!
 O give us grace, to cast
 Our lot with Thine: to trust Thy word,
 And keep our best till last.

Hymn II.

For Septuagesima Sunday.

"The invisible things of Him from the
 "creation of the world are clearly seen,
 "being understood by the things that
 "are made: even His eternal Power
 "and Godhead". Romans i. 20.

There is a book (who runs may read)
 Which heavenly truth imparts,
 And all the lore its scholars need,
 Pure eyes & Christian hearts.

The works of GOD, above, below,
 Within us, and around,
 Are pages in that book, to show
 How GOD Himself is found.

11
You depth of sky embracing all
Is like its MAKER'S love,
Wherewith encompass'd, great & small
In peace & order move.

The Moon above, the Church below,
A glorious race they run,
But all their glory, all their glow
Each borrows of its sun.

The SAVIOUR lends the light & heat
That crowns His holy hill:
The Saints, like stars, around His seat
Perform their courses still.

The Saints above are stars in heaven,
What are the Saints on Earth?
Like trees they stand, which GOD hath
Our Elders happy birth, ^{given,}

Faith is their fix'd unswerving root,
Hope their unfading flower,
Fair deeds of Charity their fruit,
The pride of all the bower

The Dew of Heaven is like Thy grace:
 It steals in silence down,
 But where it lights, the favour'd ^{place}
 By richest fruits is known.

One glorious Name above all names,
 With its ten thousand tongues
 The everlasting Sea proclaims,
 Echoing angelic songs.

The raging Fire, the roaring Wind,
 Thy boundless Power display:
 Sinners in that thine anger find,
 In this, thou show'st the humble ^{mind}
 Thy SECRET's vict'less way.

Two worlds are ours: & but for sin,
 We should as plain discern
 The glorious world of grace within,
 As now our food we learn.

Thou, who hast given me eyes, to see
 And love this sight so fair,

Give me a heart to find out Thee,
And read Thee every where.

Hymn III.

For Palm Sunday.

"And He answered and said unto
"them, I tell you, That if these
"should hold their peace, the stones
would immediately cry out."

S. Luke ~~xix~~ . 40.

Ye, whose hearts are beating high
With the pulse of Poesy, -
Heirs of more than royal race,
Form'd, by Heaven's peculiar grace,
God's own work to do on earth
(If the word be not too bold)
Giving Virtue a new birth,
And a life that neer grows old, -

Sovereign Masters of all hearts!
Know ye who hath set your parts:
He who gave you breath to sing,
By whose strength ye sweep the string,

He hath chosen you to lead
His Hosannas here below.

Moment to claim your glorious meed,
Linger not with sin and woe.

But if ye should hold your peace,
Deem not that the song would cease.

Angels, round His glory-throne,
Shall, His guiding hand that own,

Flowers that grow beneath our feet,
Stones, in earth's dark womb that rest,

High & low in choir shall meet,
Ere His Name shall be unblest.

LORD, by every minstrel tongue
Be Thy praise so duly sung,
That Thine Angels' harps may ne'er
Fail to find fit echoing here.

We the while, of meaner birth,
Who in that divinest spell

I am not ask to join on Earth,
Give us grace to listen well.

But should thankless silence seat
 Lips, that might half Heaven move,
 Should bards in idol hymns profane
 The sacred soul-enthraling strain,
 (As in this bad world below
 Noblest things find vilest using)
 Then, Thy power & mercy shew,
 In vile things noble breath infusing:

Kindle then with Light divine
 The very pavement of Thy shrine,
 Till we, like Heaven's star sprinkled
 floor,
 Faintly give back what we adore:
 Childlike though the voices be,
 And untuneable the parts,
 Thou wilt love the minstrelsy,
 If it flow from childlike hearts.

Hymn IV.
For EASTER DAY.

"Why seek ye the living among the
"dead? He is not here, but is risen."
S. LUKE XXIV. 5, 6.

O day of days! & can my heart
No votive hymn to thee impart?
Thou art the sun of other days,
They shine, by giving back Thy rays.

Enthroned in Thy sovereign sphere,
Thou shedst Thy light on all the year:
Sundays by Thee more glorious break,
An Easter day in every week;

And week-days following in their train
The fullness of the blessing gain,
Till all, both resting & employ,
Be one LORD'S day of holy joy.

Up then my soul - awake for shame,
And early light thine altar flame.

The world some hours is on her way,
Nor thinks on thee, thou blessed day.

Or if she think, it is in scorn:
The vernal light of Easter-morn
To her dark gaze no brighter seems
Than Reasons', or the Law's pale beams.

"Where is your LORD?" she sorrowful asks -
"Where is His hire? we know His tasks -
"Sons of a King ye boast to be -
"Let us your crowns & treasures see."

We in the words of Truth reply
(An Angel brought them from the Sky)
"Our crown, our treasure is not here -
"Tis stor'd above the highest sphere.

"Methinks your wisdom guides amiss,
"To seek, on Earth, a Christian's bliss -
"We watch not, now, the lifeless stone
"Our only LORD is risen & gone!"

Yet even the lifeless stone is dear,
For thoughts of Him, who late lay
here:

And the base world, since CHRIST
Ennobled is & glorified. ^{Heath died,}

Who love the world for the world's sake,
Small reckoning of their darling make:
Who prize it highest, love it best,
Treat it as CHRIST'S redeem'd & blest.

No more a chancel house, to fence
The relics of lost innocence; -
A vault of ruin and decay; -
Th' imprisoning stone is roll'd away.

'Tis now a cell where Angels use
To come and go with heavenly news,
And in the cars of mourners say,
"Come, see the place where JESUS
lay!"

'Tis now a fane where Love can find
CHRIST every where embalm'd and shroud.
Age gathering up memorials sweet,
Where'er she sets her dutious feet.

O'er joy, to Mary first allow'd,
 When rous'd from weeping o'er His
 By His own calm soul soothing tone,
 Naming her name as still His own!

Joy, to the faithful Three renew'd,
 As their glad errand they pursu'd -
 Happy, who so CHRIST'S word convey,
 That He may meet them on their way.

So is it still. - to holy tears,
 In lonely hours, CHRIST risen appears.
 In social hours, who CHRIST would
 Must turn all tasks to Charity^{see}.

Hymn V.

For the first Sunday after Easter.

"There are three that bear wit-
 -ness in earth: the SPIRIT, and the Wa-
 -ter, and the Blood: and these three
 "agree in one." 1 S. John V. 8.

Our GOD in glory sits on high:
 Man may not see & live:
 Yet witness of Himself on earth
 For ever doth He give -

His SPIRIT dwells in all good hearts;
 All precious fruits of love,
 Thoughts, words, & works made holy, bear
 His witness from above.

The baptism waters have not ceas'd
 To spread His name abroad,
 Since first from our REDEEMER'S
 The holy fountain flow'd ^{side}.

That other stream of endless life,
 His all-atoning blood,
 Is it not still our cup of grace? -
 His flesh, our spirits' food?

By these the Church is builded up
 On CHRIST the corner-stone;
 These are GOD'S witnesses on earth,
 These three agree in one.

O never may our sinful hearts
 Divide what GOD hath join'd:
 Still in the Sacraments of CHRIST
 His SPIRIT may we find!

Hymn VI.

For the fourth Sunday after Easter.

"I tell you the truth: It is expedient
 for you that I go away; for if I go not
 away, the COMFORTER will not
 come unto you; but if I depart,
 I will send Him unto you."

S. John XVI. 8.

My SAVIOUR! can it ever be
 That I shall gain by losing Thee?
 The watchful mother turies nigh,
 Though sleep have clos'd her infant's eye,
 For should he wake & find her gone,
 She knows she could not bear his moan.

But I am weaker than a child,
 And Thou art more than mother dear.

Without Thee Heaven were but a wild
 How can I live without Thee here?

'Tis good for you that I should go,
 "You lingering yet a while below."
 'Tis thine own gracious promise, LORD,
 Thy saints have provid' the faithful
 When, Heaven's bright boundless ^{word,} avenue
 Wide opening on their eager view,
 Right homeward to Thy FATHER'S
 Still lessening, brightening on their ^{throne,} sight,
 Thy shadowy car went soaring on -
 They track'd Thee up th' abyss of light.

Thou bidst rejoice. They dare not mourn,
 But to their home in gladness turn:-
 Their home and GOD'S. that favor'd
 Where still He sheds peculiar ^{place,} grace:-
 In prayers & blessings there to wait
 Like supplicants at some monarch's gate,
 Who, bent with bounty rare to aid
 The splendours of his crowning day,
 Keeps back awhile his largest, made
 More welcome for that brief delay.

In doubt they wait: but not unblest.
 They doubt not of their MASTER's rest,
 Nor of the gracious will of Heaven:
 Who gave His SON, sure all has given.
 But they in loving wonder muse
 Which way of blessing Heaven will chuse:
 And far and wide their fancies rove,
 And to their height, discoursing, strain,
 What secret miracle of Love
 Should make their SAVIOUR's going,
 — again.

The days of hope and prayer are past,
 The day of comfort dawns at last.
 The everlasting gates again
 Roll back - and lo! a royal train.
 From the far depth of light once more
 The floods of glory earthward pour.
 They part like shower-drops in mid-air,
 But ne'er so soft-fell vernal shower,
 Nor evening rain - bow gleam'd so fair
 To weary swains in parched bower.

Swiftly and straight each tongue of flame
 Through cloud & breeze unwavering
 Till on some sainted head ^{came} thrice -
 It found its place of earthly ^{rest} -
 Nor fades it yet, that living stream,
 And still those lambent lightnings gleam.

Where'er the Church is, there are they,
 In every heart that gives them room
 They light GOD'S altar every day,
 Zeal to inflame, and Vice consume.

Soft as the plume of JESUS' Dove
 They nurse the soul to holy love.
 The spark of lingering good within,
 Just sinking in the strife of sin,
 They quicken, like some tender seed,
 To timely birth of virtuous deed.

Said I, that Prayer & Hope were o'er
 Nay, blessed SECRET! - but by Thee
 The Church's prayer finds wings to soar,
 The Church's hope finds eyes to see.

Then, fainting soul, arise and sing!
 Mount, but be sober on the wing:
 Mount up, for Heaven is won by prayer;
 Be sober, for thou art not there -
 Till Death the weary spirit free,
 Thy GOD hath said, 'Tis good for

thee
 To walk by Faith, & not by sight:
 Take it on trust a little while,
 Soon shalt thou read the mystery
 In the full sunshine of His ^{right} smile.

Or if thou yet more knowledge crave,
 Ask thine own heart, that willing slave
 To all that works thee woe or harm...
 Shouldst thou not need some mighty charm
 To win thee to thy SAVIOUR'S side,
 Though He had bless'd with thee
 to 'abide'?

The SPIRIT must stir the darkling
 The Dove must settle on the Cross,
 Else, we should all sin on or sleep
 With CHRIST in sight, turning our gain
 to loss.

For WHITSUNDAY.

"Suddenly then came a sound
 "from heaven as of a rushing mighty
 "wind; & it filled all the house
 "where they were sitting. And then
 "appeared unto them cloven tongues,
 "like as of fire: & it sat upon each
 "of them." Acts II. 2, 3.

When GOD of old came down from
 In power & wrath He came: ^{Heaven,}
 Before His feet the clouds were risen,
 Half darkness and half flame.

Around the trembling mountains' base
 The trembling people lay,
 Convinced of sin, but not of grace:
 It was a dreadful day.

But when He came the second time,
 He came in power & love:
 Softer than gale at morning prime
 Hover'd His holy Dove.

The fires, that rush'd on Sinai down
 In sudden flashes dread,
 Now gently light, a gorgeous crown,
 On every sainted head.

Like arrows, went those lightning,
 Wing'd with the sinners' doom!
 But these, like tongues, o'er all the
 Proclaiming Life to come.

And as on Israel's awful car
 The voice exceeding loud,
 The trump that Angels quake to hear,
 Thrill'd from the deep dark cloud;

So, when the SPIRIT of our GOD
 Came down His flock to find,
 A sound from Heaven was heard
 A rushing mighty wind.

Nor doth the outward car alone
 At that high warning start;

28.

Conscience gives back the solemn
'Tis echo'd in the heart^{tree}.

It fills the Church of GOD: it fills
The sinful world around:
Only, in stubborn hearts & wills,
No place for it is found.

To other tunes our souls are set:
A giddy whirl of sin
Fills ear & brain; & will not let
Heaven's harmonies come in.

Come, LORD - come, Wisdom, Love, &
Open our ears to hear - Power!
Let us not miss the 'accepted hour;
Save, LORD, by love or fear.

Hymn VIII.

For the second Sunday after Trinity.

"Marvel not, my brethren, if the
"world hate you: we know that we
"have passed from Death unto Life,
"because we love the brethren."

-

1 S. John. III. 13.

29.

The clouds, that wrap the setting sun,
When Autumn's softest gleams are
Where all bright hues together ^{ending} run

In sweet confusion blending -
Why, as we watch their floating wreath
Seem they the breath of life to breathe
To Fancy's eye their motions prove
They mantle round the sun for love.

—

When up some woodland dale we catch
The many - twinkling mile of Ocean,
Or with pleas'd ear bewilder'd watch
His tones of restless motion;
Still, as the surging waves retire,
They seem to gasp with strong desire
Such signs of love old Ocean gives,
We cannot chuse but think he lives.

—

Would ye the life of souls discern?
Nor human wisdom, nor divine
Helps thee by aught beside to learn.
Love is Life's only sign -

The spring of the regenerate heart,
 The pulse, the glow of every part,
 Is the true love of CHRIST our LORD,
 As Man ~~embroid~~, as GOD ador'd

But he, whose heart will bound, to mark
 The full, bright burst of summer morn,
 Loves, too, each little dewy spark
 By leaf or floweret worn.
 Cheap forms & common hues, 'tis true,
 Through the bright shower-drop meet his
 The colouring may be of this earth's ^{view}:
 The lustre comes of heavenly birth.

Even so, who loves the LORD aright
 No soul of man can worthless find;
 All will be precious in his sight,
 Since CHRIST on all hath shin'd.
 But chiefly Christian souls: for they,
 Though worn & soil'd with sinful clay,
 Are yet, to eyes that see them true,
 All glistening with celestial dew.

Then marvel not if such as back
 In purest light of innocence,
 Hope against hope in love's dear task,
 Spite of all dark offence -
 If they, who hate the trespass most,
 Yet, when all other love is lost,
 Love the poor sinner, marvel not.
 CHRIST! mark outworn the ~~meanest~~ ^{meanest}
 blot.

No distance breaks the tie of blood:
 Brothers are brothers evermore.
 Nor wrong, nor wrath of deadliest mood,
 That magic may o'er-power -
 Oft, ere the common source be known,
 The kindred drops will claim their ^{own},
 And throbbing pulses silently
 Move heart towards heart by sympathy.

So is it with true Christian hearts.
 Their mutual share in JESUS blood
 An everlasting bond imparts
 Of holiest brotherhood.

Oh might we all our lineage prove,
 Give & forgive, do good & love,
 By soft endearments in kind strife
 Lightening the load of daily life!

—
 There is much need: for not as yet
 Are we in shelter or repose.
 The holy house is still beset
 With leagues of stern foes.
 Wild thoughts within, bad men without,
 All evil spirits round about,
 Are banded, in unblest device,
 To spoil Love's earthly Paradise.

—
 Then draw we nearer, day by day,
 Each to his brethren, all to GOD:
 Let the world take us as she may,
 We must not change our road.
 Not wondering, though in grief, to find
 The Martyr's foe still keep her mind;
 But fix'd to hold Love's banner fast,
 And by submission win at last.

Hymn IX.

For the fourth Sunday after Trinity.

"We know that the whole Creation
 "groaneth & travaileth in pain together
 "until now. . . And not only they, but
 "ourselves also, which have the first-
 "fruits of the SPIRIT, - even we ourselves
 "groan within ourselves, waiting for
 "the adoption; to wit, the redemption
 "of our body." — Romans VIII. 22, 23.

It was not, then, a Poet's dream,
 An idle vaunt of song,
 Such as, beneath the moon's soft gleam,
 On vacant fancies throng,
 Which bids us see, in Heaven & Earth,
 In all fair things around,
 Strong yearnings for a blast new birth
 With sinless glories crown'd:

Which bids us hear, at each sweet pause
 From Care, & Want, & Toil,

When dewy eve her curtain draws
Over the day's turmoil,

In the low chant of wakeful birds,
In the deep weltering flood,
In whispering leaves, these solemn
"God made us all for good!"

All true, all faultless, all in tune,
Creation's wondrous choir
Open'd in solemn unison
To last till Time expire.

And still it lasts: by day & night,
With one consenting voice
All hymn Thy glory, LORD, a night,
All worship and rejoice.

Man only mimes the sweet accord,
O'erpowering, with harsh din,
The music of Thy works & word,
Ill-match'd with grief & sin.

Sin wakes with Man at morning watch,
 And through the livelong day.
 Deafens the ear that ~~year~~ would catch
 Meek Nature's simple lay.

But when Eos' silent footfall steals
 Along the eastern sky,
 And one by one to earth reveals
 Those purer fires on high,
 As, one by one, each human sound
 Dies on the awe-ful ear,
 Then Nature's voice no more is ~~deafening~~,
 She speaks, & we must hear.

Then pours she on the Christian heart
 That warning still & deep,
 At which high spirits of old would
 Even from their Pagan sleep ^{start}.

Just guessing, through their murky
 Few, faint, and baffling ^{blind} sight,
 Streaks of a brighter Heaven behind,
 A cloudless depth of light.

Such thoughts, the wreck of Paradise,
 Through many a dreary age
 Upbore what cheer of good or wise
 Yet liv'd in Bard or Sage.

They mark'd what agonizing throes
 Shook the great mother's womb:
 But Reason's spells might not disclose
 The gracious birth to come.

Nor could th' enchanted Hope forecast
 God's secret love and power:
 The travail-pangs of Earth must last
 Till her appointed hour.

The hour, that saw from opening ^{Heaven}
 Redeeming glory stream,
 Beyond the summer hues of even,
 Beyond the midday beam.

Thenceforth, to eyes of high desire
 The meanest things below,
 As with a Seraph's robe of fire
 Invested, burn and glow.

The rod of heaven has touch'd
 The word from heaven is spoken, ^{them all,}
 "Rise, shine, & sing, thou captive thrall,
 "Are not thy fetters broken?"

The God who hallow'd thee & blast,
 Pronouncing thee all good,
 Hath He not all Thy wrongs redrest,
 And all Thy bliss renew'd?

Why mournest thou still as one
 Now that th' eternal ^{bequest,} SON,
 His blessed home in Heaven hath
 To make thee all His own ^{left?}

~~Why mournest thou still as one~~
 Thou mournest, because sin lingers
 In CHRIST'S new Heaven & Earth ^{stiff}
 Because our rebel works & will
 Stain our immortal birth:

Because, as Love & Prayer grow cold,
 The SAVIOUR hides His face,

So spake the weary Fisher, spent
 With bootless, darkling toil,
 Yet on his MASTER'S bidding bent
 For love, & not for spoil.

So, day by day, & week by week,
 In sad & weary thought
 They muse, whom GOD hath set to
 seek
 The souls His CHRIST hath brought

For not upon a tranquil lake
 Our pleasant task we ply,
 Where all along our glistering wake
 The softest moonbeams lie;

Where rippling wave & dashing oar
 Our midnight chant attend,
 Or whispering palm leaves from the
 shore
 With midnight silence blend.

Sweet solemn thoughts, ye may not
 Too soon some under sound^{last:}
 Calls ye from where ye soar so fast
 Back to your earthly round.

For wildest storms our Ocean sweep:
 No anchor but the Cross
 Might hold: & oft the thankless
 Turns all our toil to loss.^{deep}

Fell many a dreary anxious hour
 We watch our nets alone,
 In drenching spray, & driving shower,
 And hear the night-birds' moan.

At morn we look, & nought is there—
 Sad night brings cheerless day—
 Who then from pining and despair
 The sickening heart can stay?

There is a stay - and we are strong -

Our MASTER is at hand
To cheer our solitary song,
And guide us to the strand,

In His own time: but yet awhile

Our bark at sea must ride -
Cast after cast, by force or guile,
All waters must be tried.

By blameless guile or gentle force,
As when He deign'd to teach
(The Lodestar of our Christian course)
Upon this sacred beach.

Should e'er Thy wonder-working grace
Triumph by our weak arm,
Let not our wilful fancy trace
Aught human in the charm.

To our own nets rear' bow we down,
 Lest on th' eternal shore,
 The Angels, while our draught they
 Reject us evermore. ^{own,}

Or if for our unworthiness
 Toil, prayer, and watching fail,
 In disappointment Thou canst bless,
 So Love at heart prevail.

Hymn xi.

For the tenth Sunday after Trinity.

"And when He was come near,
 "He beheld the city, and wept over
 "it". St. Luke xix. 41.

Why doth my SAVIOUR weep
 At sight of Sion's bowers?
 Looks it not fair from the green steep,
 Her gorgeous crown of towers?
 Mark well His holy pains -
 'Tis not in pride or scorn

That Israel's King with sorrow stains
His own triumphal man.

It is not, that His soul
Is wandering sadly on,
In thought, how soon at Death's dark goal
Their race will all be run,
Who now are shouting round
Hosanna to their chief -
No thought like this in Him is found -
This were a conqueror's grief.

Or doth He feel the cross
Already in His heart,
The pain, the shame, the scorn, the loss?
Feel even His GOD depart?
No - though He know full well
The grief that then shall be,
The grief, that Angels cannot tell,
Our GOD in agony -

It is not thus He mourns -
Such might be Martyr's tears,

When his last lingering look he turns
 On human hopes and fears.
 But HERS ne'er, or Saint,
 The secret load may know,
 With which His Spirit warreth faint -
 His is a SAVIOUR'S woe.

"If thou hadst known, even thou,
 "At least in this thy day,
 "The message of thy peace! but now
 "Tis pass'd for aye away -
 "Now foes shall trench thee round,
 "And lay thee even with earth,
 "And dash thy children to the ground,
 "Thy glory and thy mirth."

And doth the SAVIOUR weep
 Over His people's sin,
 Because man will not let Him
 The souls He died to ^{keep} win?
 Ye hearts that love the LORD,
 If at this sight ye burn,

46.

There if in jealousy and strong disdain
We to the sinners' GOD of sin complain
And seek, too soon, full rescue from its
"It is enough, O LORD - now let me die,
"Even as my Fathers did: for what am I,
"That I should brave the ill they could
not charm?"

Perhaps our GOD may of our conscience
ask
"What dost thou here, frail wanderer from thy
task?
"Where hast thou left those few sheep in
"the wild?
Then should we plead our hearts consuming
At sight of ruin'd altars, prophets' ^{again} ruin,
And GOD's own ark with blood of souls
defil'd;

He on the rock may bid us stand, and see
The outskirts of His march of mystery,
His endless warfare with man's wilful
heart.
First, His great power He to the sinner shows;
Lo! at His angry blast the rocks unclose,
And to their base the trembling moun-
-tain part.

Yet the LORD is not here: 'tis not by Power
 He will be known. But darker tempests
 Still, sullen heavings vex the lab'ring ground;
 Perhaps His Presence, through all depth & height,
 Best of all gems, that deck His crown of
 The haughty eye may dazzle & confound.

GOD is not in the earthquake: but behold,
 From Sinai's caves are bursting, as of old,
 The flames of His consuming, jealous ire.
 Woe to the sinner, should stern Justice
 His favourite attribute! but He in love
 Hastes to proclaim, "GOD is not in the
 "fire".

The storm is o'er - & hark! a still small voice
 Steals on the ear, to say, JEHOVAH'S choice
 Is ever with the soft meek tender soul:
 By soft meek tender ways He loves to draw
 The sinner, startled by His ways of awe -
 Here is our GOD, & not where thun-
 ders roll.

48.

Back then, Complainer - loathe thy life no more,
Nor deem thyself upon a desert shore

Because the rocks the nearer prospect close:
Yet in fallen Israel are there hearts and
That, day by day, in prayer like thine ^{eyes,} arise:
Thou knowest them not: but their CREATOR
Knows.

Go, on thy way return, nor fear to cast
Thy bread upon the waters, sure at last

In joy to find it after many days.
The work be thine, the fruit thy children's
Chuse to believe, not see: sight tempts the ^{part-} heart
From sober walking in true ^{heart} Gospel
ways.

Hymn XIII.

For the twelfth Sunday after Trinity.

"And looking up to Heaven, he sighd,
"and saith unto him, Ephphatha: that is,
"Be opened." St. Mark vii. 34.

The SON of GOD in doing good

Was fain to look to Heaven, &
Sigh;

And shall the heirs of sinful blood
 Seek joy unmix'd in charity?
 GOD will not let Love's work impart
 Full solace, lest it steal the heart.
 Be thou content in tears to sow,
 Blessing, like JESUS, in thy woe.

He looked up to Heaven, & sigh'd -
 What saw my gracious SAVIOUR then,
 With fear and anguish to divide
 The joy of Heaven-accepted prayer?
 So o'er the bed where Lazarus slept,
 He to His FATHER groan'd & wept -
 What saw He mournful in that grief,
 Knowing Himself so strong to save?

O'erwhelming thoughts of pain and grief
 Over His shrinking spirit sweep -
 "What boots it gathering one lost leaf
 Out of you sere & wither'd heap
 "Where souls & bodies, hopes & joys,
 "All that earth owns or sin destroys,

50: Under the spurning hoof are cast,
"Or tossing in th' autumnal blast?"

The deaf may hear the SAVIOUR'S
The fetter'd tongue its chain may ^{voice,}
But the deaf heart, the dumb ^{break,} by choice
The laggard soul that will not wake,
The guilt, that scorns to be forgiven -
These baffle even the spells of
In thought of these His brows ^{Heaven.} beniga
Not even in healing cloudless shine.

No eye but His might ever bear
To gaze all ^{down} that drear abyss,
Because none ever saw so clear
The shore beyond, of endless bliss.
The giddy waves so restless hurld,
The vex'd pulse of this feverish world,
He views and counts with steady
Us'd to behold the Infinite ^{sight,}.

But that in such communion high
He hath a fount of strength ^{within,}

51.

Sure His meek heart would break &
O'er-burthen'd by His brethren's ^{die} sin.
Weak eyes on darkness dare not gaze,
It dazzles like the noon-day blaze:
But He, who sees GOD'S face, may
On the true face of sin to look ^{look}.

What then shall wretched sinners do,
When in their last, their hopeless
Sin, as it is, shall meet their ^{day} view,
GOD turn His face for aye away?
LORD by Thy sad and earnest eye,
When Thou didst look to Heaven and
Thy voice, that with a word could ^{sigh} chase
The dumb deaf spirit from his place,
As Thou hast touch'd our ears, and
Our tongues to speak Thy ^{taught} praises
Quell Thou each thankless, godless ^{plain} thought
That would make fast our bonds again.
From worldly strife, from strife unblest,
Drowning Thy music in the breast,

From foul Reproach, from thrilling Fears,
 Preserve, good LORD, Thy servants' ears.
 From idle words, that cheat the heart
 Of Thee, & of its better part,
 From Prides false chime, and jarring way,
 Seal Thou my lips, & guard my tongue.
 For Thou hast sworn, that every ear,
 Willing or loth, Thy trumpet shall hear,
 And every tongue unchained be
 To own no hope, no GOD, but Thee.

Hymn XIV.

For the thirteenth Sunday after
 Trinity.

"Blessed are the eyes which see
 "the things which ye see. For I
 "tell you, that many Prophets and
 "Kings have desired to see those
 "things which ye see, and have not
 "seen them; and to hear those things
 "which ye hear, and have not heard
 "them."

S. Luke x. 23, 24.

On Sinai top, in prayer and trance,
 Full forty nights and forty days,
 The Prophet watch'd for one dear glance
 Of Thee, and of Thy ways.

Fasting he watch'd, & all alone,
 Wrapt in a still, dark, solid cloud,
 The curtain of the HOLY ONE
 Drawn round him like a shroud.

So, separat- from the world, his breast
 Might duly take, and strongly keep
 The print of Heaven: to be express'd
 Ere long on Sion's steep.

There, one by one, his spirit saw
 Of things divine the shadows bright,
 The pageant of GOD'S perfect law—
 Yet felt not full delight.

Through gold and gems, a dazzling maze,
 From veil to veil the vision led,

54. And ended, where unearthly rays
From o'er the ark were shed.
Yet not that gorgeous place, nor aught
Of human or angelic frame
Could half appease his craving
The void was still the same. ^{thought:}

"Shew me Thy glory, gracious LORD!
"Tis Thee," he cries, "not thine, I seek."
Nay, start not at so bold a word
From Man, frail worn and
weak.

The spark of his first deathless fire
Yet buoy him up, & high above
The holiest creature dares aspire
To the CREATOR'S Love.

The eye in smiles may wander round,
Caught by earth's shadows as they
But for the soul no help is found, ^{fleet:}
Save Him who made it, meet.

Spite of yourselves, ye witness this,
 Who blindly self or sense adore -
 Else wherefore, leaving your own bliss,
 Still restless ask ye more?

This witness bore the saints of old,
 When highest rapt and favour'd met,
 Still seeking precious things untold,
 Not in fruition lost.

Canaan was theirs: and in it all
 The proudest hope of kings dare claim;
 Zion was theirs: - to meet their call
 Fire from JEHOVAH came.

Yet Monarchs walk'd as pilgrims ^{still}
 In their own land, earth's pride & grace,
 And scars would mourn on Zion's hill
 Their LORD'S averted face.

Vainly they tried the deeps to sound
 Even of their own prophetic thought,

When of CHRIST crucified & crown'd
His SPIRIT in them taught.

But He their aching gaze express'd,
Which sought behind the veil to see;
For not without us fully blest
Or perfect might they be.

The rays of the ALMIGHTY'S face
No sinner's eye might then receive,
Only the meekest man found grace
To see His skirts, and live.

But we, as in a glass, copy
The glory of His countenance:
Not in a whirlwind, hurrying by
The too presumptuous glance,

But in mild radiance every hour
From our dear SAVIOUR'S face be-
Bent on us with transforming ^{-migh}power,
Till we, too, faintly shine.

Sprinkled with His atoning blood
 Safely before our GOD we stand,
 As on the rock the Prophet stood
 Beneath His shadowing hand.

Bless'd eyes, which see the things we
 And yet this tree of life hath ^{see!} provid
 To many a soul a poison tree,
 Beheld, & not belov'd.

So like an Angels' is our bliss,
 (Oh thought to comfort and appeal)
 It needs must bring, if us'd aright,
 An Angels' hopeless fall.

Hymn XV.

For the Fourteenth Sunday after
 Trinity.

"And JESUS answering said, Were there
 "not ten cleansed? but where are the nine?
 There are not found that returned

"to give glory to GOD, save this
"stranger." St. Luke xvii. 17, 18.

Ten cleans'd, and only one remain!
Who would have thought our natures
Was dy'd so foul, so deep in ^{stain} grain?

Even He, who reads the heart,
Knows what He gave, & what we lost,
Sin's forfeit, and Redemption's cost,
By a short flush of wonder cross'd
Seems at the sight to start.

Yet 'twas not wonder - but His love
Our wavering spirits would reprove,
That heaven ward seem so free to move

When Earth can yield no more.
Then from afar on GOD we cry;
But should the mist of woe roll by,
Not showers across an April sky
Drift when the storm is o'er

So fast, as from the mourner's heart
 Those few false drops unbliss depart;
 For tears, from loveless eyes that start,
 Never drew blessing down.

They, who on earth have linger'd long,
 And div'd into their own hearts' ^{long} wrong,
 The fearful import of this song
 Will self-accusing own.

But youth in all her vernal hues,
 Fresh-sprinkled as with Eden's dews,
 Will not be bade so darkly muse,

Nor fear herself so sore.
 So, o'er Elisha's fateful glass
 Young Hazael saw a murderer pass,
 Nor would believe th' averted face
 His own dark features wore.

Spirits that round the sick man's bed
Watch'd, noting down each vow he
made,
Were your unerring scroll display'd
His days of health t'abate;
Or when soft showers in season fall
Answering a famish'd nation's call,
Should unseen fingers on the wall
Their vows forgotten trace;

Nor more astounding were the views,
Nor would it paint the heart more
Than did those solemn words and ^{true}
Ten cleans'd, & one remain. ^{few,}

Nor surer would the blessing prove
Of humbled hearts that own Thy
Should Angel welcome from above
Visit our senses plain;



Than by Thy placid voice and brow,
 With healing first, with comfort now.
 Turn'd upon Him, who haster to bow
 Before Thee, heart and knee.

"Oh Thou, who only wouldst be blest,

"On Thee alone my blessing rest -

"Rise, go thy way in peace, possesd

"For evermore of Me!"

Hymn XVI.

For the fifteenth Sunday after
 Trinity.

"Then the word of the LORD came to
 Jeremiah, after that the king had
 "burned the roll, ... saying, Take thee
 "again another roll, and write in it
 "all the former words which were in
 "the first roll, which Schorahim the
 "King of Judah hath burned."

Jeremiah ~~XXXVI~~. 27, 28.

As over Lybia's burning sands
 The hunted ostrich oft is seen
 To speed where some lone thicket
 There hides her head, and glory ^{stands,} in her
 screens,

Such is the shelter and the rest
 That worldly wisdom would prais'd,
 When erring souls, of GOD unblest,
 From vexing conscience vainly seek to
 hide.

Oh desperate hope! to turn thy
 face
 From GOD, & dream He cannot see!
 As if He powerless were and base,
 A creature of our blind Idolatry.

Yes - ye the roll may fear & burn,
 With mockery drown the Prophets'
 speech -
 Yet are there, who GOD'S will discern
 There register'd, where ye can never
 reach.

The Angels of His wrath can read
 The Law of Vengeance written there.
 Obediently the swift hours speed,
 Bringing the day, when ye, too late
 for prayer,

—
 Shall look toward that awful
 Which dwells for ever fix'd ^{eye} on you.
 O then, ere the season fly,
 Prepare ye for the 'inevitable view!

—
 Yet is there time: long suffering
 GOD,
 Still bent to win your forward gaze,
 Waves, ere He strike, His lingering rod—
 Still in mid air th' uplifted lightning
 Stays.

—
 He means ye mercy, be ye sure.
 Else wherefore to you godless crew,
 And you proud King of hands impure,
 Spreads He th' 'unerring roll they scorn'd
 anew?

64.

They sit, & fan their impious fire,
Misdeeming in their frantic joy,
That they have seen God's law ex-
Oh blind! their own sole refuge ^{fire-} to de-
-stroy.

For could the threatenings of His
Pass off, as they had never been, ^{word}
Still would remain this sure record;
"Nor Heaven, nor Earth, can e'er have
"peace with sin".

But not in Heaven, nor Earth, was e'er
One certain hope for sinners found,
Save in the page your rude hands tear,
Save in the pierced side that ye more deeply
wound.

Hymn XVII.

For the nineteenth Sunday after
Trinity.

"Lo, I see four men loose, walking
 "in the midst of the fire, and they
 "have no hurt; and the form of the
 "fourth is like the SON of GOD."

Daniel iii. 24.

When Persecution's torrent blaze
 Wraps the unshrinking martyr's head;
 When fade all earthly flowers & bays,
 " When summer friends are gone & fled,
 Is He alone in that dark hour,
 Who owns JEHOVAH'S love and power?

Or waves there not around his brow
 A wand no human arm may wield,
 Fraught with a spell no angels know,
 His steps to guide, his soul to
 shield?
 Thou, SAVIOUR, art his charmed bower,
 His magic ring, his rock, his tower.

And when the wicked ones behold
 Thy favourites walking in Thy light,
 Just as, in fancied triumph bold,
 They deem'd them plung'd in deadly
 "Amar'd they cry, "What spell is this," ^{night}
 "Which turns their sufferings all to
 bliss?"

"How are they free whom we had

"Upright, whom in the ^{bound,} gulph we

"What wondrous helper have they found ^{cast} -

"To screen them from the scorching blast

"Three were they - who hath made them ^{Four?}

"And sure a form divine their champion ^{wore;}

"Even like the SON of GOD" - So cried

The Tyrant, when in one fierce flame
 The martyrs liv'd, the murderers died.

Yet knew he not what Angel came
 To make the rushing fire-flood seem
 Like summer breeze by winding woodland
 stream -

He knew not: but there are who know.

The Christian Matron, who hath stood
When not a prop seem'd left below, -
The first lone hour of widowhood,
Yet cheer'd, & cheering all, the while,
With sad but unaffected smile -

The Christian Father keeping watch
By the sad couch whence Hope hath
Striving in vain one gleam to catch ^{flown},
Of reason in his maniac Son,
Still sweetly yielding to the rod,
Still loving man, still thanking GOD -

The Christian Pastor, bow'd to earth
With thankless toil, & vile esteem'd,
Still travailing in fruitless birth
Of souls, that will not be redeem'd,
Yet stedfast set to do His part,
His face toward heaven, his eye on his
own heart -

These know: on these look long & well,
 Cleansing thy sight by prayer and
 And thou shalt learn what secret ^{faith} spell
 Preserves them in their living death:
 Through sevenfold flames thine eye shall ^{see}
 The SAVIOUR walking with His faithful Three.

Hymn XVIII.

For St Andrew's Day.

"One of the two which heard John
 "Speak, and followed Him, was Andrew,
 "Simon Peter's brother. He first find-
 "eth his own brother Simon, and saith
 "unto him, We have found the MES-
 "SAS And he brought him
 "to JESUS." St John i. 40-42.

When brothers part for life's wild race,
 What gift may most endearing prove,

To keep fond Memory in her place,
And certify a brother's love?

'Tis true, bright hours together spent,
And blissful dreams in secret shar'd,
Grave talk and fearless merriment
Shall last in Fancy unimpair'd.

Even round the death-bed of the good
Such dear remembrances will hover,
And haunt us, with no besing mood,
When all the cares of earth are over.

But yet our craving spirits feel
They shall live on, though Fancy die,
And seek a surer pledge, a seal
Of Love to last eternally.

Who art thou, that wouldst grave thy name
Thus deeply in a brother's heart?

70.

Read here, and learn thy spell to frame,
The Christian sincere's blameless art.

First seek thy SAVIOUR out, and dwell
Beneath the shadow of His roof,
Till thou have scan'd His features
And known Him for the CHRIST, by ^{well,} proof.

Such proof, as they are sure to find,
Who spend with Him their happy ^{days,}
Clean hands, and a self-ruling mind,
Ever in tune for love and praise.

Then, potent with the spell of Heaven,
Go, and thine erring brother gain;
Entice him home to be forgiven,
Till he, too, see his SAVIOUR plain.

Or, if before thee in the race,
Urge him with thine advancing tread

To holy rivalry in grace -

Rest not, till all thy course be sped.

No fading frail memorials give

To soothe his soul when thou art gone,

But wreaths of hope for aye to live,

And thoughts of good together done.

That so, before the judgement-seat,

Though chang'd & glorified each face,

Not unremember'd ye may meet,

For endless ages to embrace.

Hymn XIX.

For St. John the Evangelist's Day.

"Peter, seeing him (the Disciple whom
JESUS loved) saith unto JESUS, LORD,

"and what shall this man do? JE-

"-SUS saith unto him, If I will that

"he tarry till I come, what is that to

"thee? Follow thou Me."

St. John XVI. 20 - 22 -

"LORD, and what shall this man do?"
 Ask'st thou, Christian, for thy friend?
 If His love for CHRIST be true,
 CHRIST hath told thee of his end.
 He it is whom GOD approves,
 He it is whom JESUS loves.

Ask not of him more than this.
 Leave it in his SAVIOUR'S breast,
 Whether, early call'd to bliss,
 He in youth shall seek his rest,
 Or armed in his station wait
 Till his LORD be at the gate.

Whether in his lonely course
 (Lonely, not forlorn,) he stay,
 Or with Love's supporting force
 Cheat the toil & cheer the way.
 Leave it all in His high hand,
 Who doth hearts, as streams, command.

Gales from Heaven, if so He will,
 Sweetest melodies can wake
 On the lonely mountain hill
 Than the meeting waters make.
 Who hath the FATHER and the SON
 May be left, but not alone.

Sick or healthful, slave or free,
 Wealthy, or despis'd and poor,
 What is that to him or thee,
 So his love to CHRIST endure?
 When the shore is won at last,
 Who will count the billow past?

Only, since our souls will shrink
 At the touch of natural grief
 When our earthly darlings sink,
 Lend us, LORD, Thy sure relief;
 Patient hearts, their pains to see,
 And Thy grace, to follow Thee!

74.

Hymn XX.

For the Conversion of St. Paul.

"He fell to the earth, and heard a
"voice saying unto him, Saul, Saul,
"why persecutest thou me? And he
"said, Who art thou, LORD? And
"the LORD said, I am JESUS
"whom thou persecutest." —

Acts IX. 4, 5.

The midday sun, with fiercest glare,
Arrods o'er the hazy, twinkling air:

Along the level sand

The palm-tree's shade unwavering lies,
Just as thy towers, Damascus, rise,
To greet you wearied band.

The leader of that martial crew
Seems bent some mighty deed to do,
So steadily he speeds
With lips firm-clos'd and fixed eye,
Like warrior when the fight is nigh,
Nor talk nor landscape heeds.

What sudden blaze is round him pour'd,
 As if Heaven's whole resplendent board
 In one rich glory shone?
 One moment - and to earth he falls -
 What voice his inmost heart appals?
 Voice heard by him alone!

For to the rest both words and form
 Seem lost in lightning and in storm,
 While Saul, in wakeful trance,
 Sees, deep within that dazzling field,
 His persecuted LORD reveal'd
 With keen yet pitying glance:

And hears the weak upbraiding call
 As gently on his spirit fall
 As if the 'ALMIGHTY SON
 Were prisoner yet in this dark earth,
 Nor had proclaim'd His royal birth,
 Nor His great power begun.

76.

"Ah wherefore persecut'st thou me?"

He heard and saw, and sought to free
His strain'd eye from the sight—
But Heaven's high magic bound it
Still gazing, though untaught to bear
Th' insufferable light.

"Who art Thou, LORD"? he falters forth.
So shall sin ask of Heaven and Earth
At the last awful day.

"When did we see thee suffering risk,
And pass'd thee with unheeding eye?
"Great GOD of judgement, say!"

Ah little dream our listless eyes
What glorious presence they despise,
While, in our noon of life,
All after power or fame we press.
CHRIST is at hand to scorn or bless:
CHRIST suffers in our strife.

And though Heaven-gate long since have clos'd,
 And our dear LORD in bliss repos'd,
 High above mortal ken,
 To every ear in every land,
 (Though meek ears only understand)
 He speaks as He did then.

"Ah wherefore persecute ye me?
 'Tis hard, ye so in love should be
 "With your own endless love -
 "Know, though at GOD'S right hand I live,
 "I feel each wound ye reckless give
 "To the least saint below."

"I in your care my brethren left,
 "Not willing ye should be bereft
 "Of waiting on your LORD.
 "The meanest offering ye can make,
 "A drop of water - for love's sake,
 "In Heaven, besure, is stor'd."

O by those gentle tones and dear
 When Thou hast stay'd our wild career,
 Thou only hope of souls,
 Ne'er let us cast one look behind,
 But in the thought of JESUS find
 What every thought controuls.

As to Thy last Apostle's heart
 Thy lightning glance did then impart
 Zeal's never-dying fire,
 To teach us on Thy Shrine to lay
 Our hearts; and let them, day by day,
 Intenser blaze and higher.

And as Thy soft meek words of love
 (Like pulses, that round harp-string move
 When the full strain is o'er)
 Left lingering on his inward ear
 Music, that taught, as Death drew near,
 Love's lesson more and more,

So, as we walk our earthly round, ^{79.}
Still may the echo of that sound

Be in our memory stor'd -

"Christians! behold your happy state -

"CHRIST is in these, who round you wait.

"Make much of your dear LORD!"

Hymn XXI.

For the Purification of the Virgin Mary.

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for

"they shall see GOD." S. Matthew. XXIII.

"Blest are the pure in heart,

"For they shall see our GOD -

"The secret of the LORD is theirs,

"Their soul is CHRIST'S abode."

Might mortal thoughts presume

To grasp an Angel's lay,

Such were the notes, that echo'd through
The courts of heaven to-day.

Such the triumphal strains

On Israel's God that wait,
In high procession passing on
Towards His temple-gate.

Give ear, ye Kings - bow down,
Ye rulers of the earth -
This, this is He - your Priest by grace,
Your God and King by birth.

No pomp of earthly guards
Attends with sword and spear,
And all-defying dauntless look
Their monarch's way to clear.

Yet are there more with Him
Than all that are with you;

81.

The armies of the highest Heaven,
All righteous, good, and true.

Spotless their robes, and pure,
Dipp'd in the sea of light
That hides the unapproach'd throne
From men's and Angels' sight. —

His throne, thy bosom blest,
O Mother undefil'd!
Such throne, if aught beneath the skin,
Beseems the sinless Child.

Lost in high thoughts, "whose seed
"The wondrous Babe might prove,"
Her guideless Husband walks beside
Bearing the hallow'd dove: —

Meet emblem of His vow,
Who, on this holy day,
His dovelike soul, best sacrifice,
Did on God's altar lay.

But who is he, by years
 Bow'd, but erect in heart,
 Whose prayers are struggling with his tears?
 "LORD, let me now depart!"

"Now hath Thy servant seen
 Thy saving health, O LORD:
 'Tis time that I should go in peace
 According to Thy word."

Yet swells the pomp - one more
 Comes forth to meet her GOD.
 Full fourscore years, meek widow, she
 Her heavenward way hath trod.

She who to earthly joys
 So long hath bid farewell,
 Now sees, unlook'd for, Heaven on
 CHRIST in His Israel.

Wide open from that hour
 The Temple-gates are set,

And still the saints resorting there^{83.}
The holy Child have met.

Now count His train to-day,
And who may meet Him, learn.
Him childlike sweet, meek meekness,
Where Pride can nought discern.
find,

Still to the lowly soul
He doth Himself impart,
And for His cradle and His throne
Chooseth the poor in heart.

Hymn XXII.

For St. Matthias' Day.

"Wherefore of these men, which have
 accompanied with us all the time that
 the LORD JESUS went in and out among
 us, beginning from the baptism of John,
 until that same day that He was
 taken up from us, must one be or-
 dained, to be a witness, with us,
 of His Resurrection."

Acts i. 21, 22.

Who is GOD'S chosen Priest?

He who on CHRIST stands waiting, day &
 who trac'd His holy steps, nor ever ceas'd^{right};

From Jordan's banks to Bethphage
 Height.

Who hath learn'd Lowliness

From his LORD'S cradle; Patience from His cross;
 Whom poor men's eyes and hearts consent to bless,

To whom, for CHRIST, all gain is loss;

Who both in agony
 Hath seen Him and in glory; and in both
 Own'd Him divine, and yielded, nothing loth,
 Body and soul to live and die

In witness of his LOVE,
 In humble following of his SAVIOUR dear.
 This is the man to wield CHRIST'S holy sword,
 Warring unharm'd with sin & fear.

But who can e'er suffice,
 What mortal - for this more than Angel task,
 Winning or losing souls, Thy life-blood's price
 The gift were too divine to ask,

But that Thou mak'st it sure
 By Thy dear promise to Thy Church & Bride,
 That Thou, on earth, waldest aye with her endure,
 Till Earth to Heaven be purified.

Thou art her only Spouse,
 Whose arm supports her: on whose faithful
 Her persecuted head she meekly bows, ^{breast}
 Sure pledge of her eternal rest.

Thou, her unceasing Guide,
 Stayest her fainting Steps along the wild:
 Thy mark is on the bowers of Lust & Pride,
 That she may pass them undefil'd.

Who then, uncall'd by Thee,
 Dare touch Thy Spouse, Thy very self below?
 Or who dare count him summon'd worthily,
 Except Thine hand and seal he show?

Where can Thy seal be found
 But on the chosen Seed, from age to age
 By Thine anointed heralds duly crown'd,
 As Kings & Priests Thy war to wage?

Then fearless walk we forth, 87.
Yet full of trembling, Messengers of God,
Not doubting our Commission, but our worth,
By our own shame alike and glory awed.

But Thou, who know'st all hearts,
As by Thy SPIRIT Thou did'st the choice
Of Thine Apostles - help us in our ^{approve} parts
(else helpless found) to learn and keep Thy
Love.

Hymn XXIII.

The Christian's Lullaby.

For Wednesday before Easter.

FATHER, if Thou be willing, remove this
"cup from me: nevertheless, not my will,
"but Thine, be done." St. Luke XXII. 42.

O LORD my GOD, do Thou Thy holy will,
I will lie still:
I will not stir, lest I forsake Thine arm,
And break the charm

Which lulls me, clinging to my Father's breast,
In perfect rest.

Wild Fancy, peace! thou must not me beguile
With thy false smile.

I know thy flatteries, and thy cheating ways,
Be silent, Praise,

Blind guide with Siren voice, and blinding
That hear thy call! all

Come, Self-Devotion high and pure,
Thoughts, that in thankfulness endure,
Though dearest hopes are faithless found,
And dearest hearts are bursting round.

Come, Resignation, Spirit meek,
And let me kiss thy placid cheek,
And read in thy pale eye serene
Their blessing, who by Faith can wean
Their hearts from sense, and learn to love
GOD only, and the joys above -

They say, who know the Life divine,
 And upward gaze with eagle eye,
 That by each golden crown on high
 Rich with celestial jewelry,
 Which for our LORD'S redeem'd is set,
 Then hangs a radiant Coronet,
 All gemm'd with pure and living light,
 Too dazzling for a sinner's sight,
 Prepar'd for virgin souls, and them
 Who seek the Martyr's Diadem.

Nor deem, who to that bliss aspire
 Must win their way through blood & fire
 The writhings of a wounded heart
 Are fiercer than a foeman's dart.

Oft in life's stillest shade reclining,
 In desolation unrepining,
 No earthly loves, or none that find
 A mirror in an answering mind,

Meek souls there are, who little dream
 Their daily strife an Angels' theme,
 Or that the rod they take so calm
 Shall prove, in Heaven, a Martyr's
 palm.

—
 And there are souls who seem to dwell
 In Heaven on Earth: so rich a spell
 Floats round their steps, wher'er they
 move,
 From hopes fulfill'd, & mutual love.
 Such, if on high their thoughts are set,
 Nor in the stream the source forget,
 If prompt to quit the bliss they know,
 Following the LAMB wher'er he go,
 By purest pleasures unbeguil'd
 To idolize on wife or child -
 Such wedded souls our GOD shall own
 For faultless virgins round His throne.

Thus every where we find Thee, gracious GOD,
 And, where you trod,
 May set our steps. Thy cross, on Calvary
 Uplifted high,
 Serves to Thy martyrs for a beacon light
 In open fight.

To the still wrestlings of the lonely heart
 Thou dost impart
 The virtue of Thy moonlight agony,
 When none was nigh,
 Save GOD & one good angel, to assuage
 The tempests' rage -

Mortal, if life smile on thee, & thou find
 All to thy mind,
 Think who did once from Heaven to Hell
 descend,
 Thee to befriend.
 So shalt thou dare forego, at His dear
 call,
 Thy best, thine all.

92.

"O FATHER, not my will, but Thine, be done!"
So spake the SON.

Be this our charm, mellowing Earth's rude
noise
Of griefs and joys,
That we may cling for ever to Thy breast,
In perfect rest.

Hymn ~~XXIV~~.

For St. Mark's Day:

"And the contention was so sharp
"between them, that they parted one
"from the other: and Barnabas took
"Mark." Acts ~~XV~~. 38.

"Take Mark, & bring him with thee:
"for he is profitable to me for the
"ministry." 2 Tim. IV. 11.

Oh! who shall dare in this frail scene
On holiest happiest things to lean,

On friendship, kindred, or on love?

Since not Apostles' hands can clasp
Each other in so firm a grasp—

But they shall change and variance
prove!

Yet deem not that such parting sad
Shall never end in welcome glad.

Divided in their earthly race,
Together at the glorious goal,
Each leading many a rescue'd soul
The faithful champions shall embrace

For even as those mysterious Four,
Who the bright whirling wheels upbore
By Chebar in the fiery blast,
So on their tasks of love and praise
The saints of God their several ways
Right onward speed, yet meet at
last.

94.

And sometimes even beneath the moon
The SAVIOUR gives a gracious boon,
When reconciled Christians meet,
And face to face, and heart to heart,
High thoughts of holy love impart
In silence meek, or converse sweet.

Companion of the saints! 'twas thine
To taste that cup of joy divine,
When the great soldier of thy Lord
Call'd thee to take his last farewell,
Teaching the Church with thanks to tell
The story of your love restor'd.

Oh then the glory and the bliss,
When all that pain'd and seem'd amiss
Shall melt, with earth and sin, away:
When saints, beneath their SAVIOUR'S eye,
Fill'd with each other's company,
Shall live & love in endless day!

Hymn XXV.

95.

For St. Bartholomew's Day.

"JESUS answered and said
unto him, Because I said unto
thee, I saw thee under the fig-
tree, believest thou? thou shalt
see greater things than these."

St. John I. 50.

Hold up thy mirror to the sun,
And thou shalt need an eagle's
So perfectly the polish'd stone ^{page,}
Gives back the glory of his rays.

Turn it, and it shall paint as true
The soft green of the vernal earth,
And each small flower of bashful hue
That closest hides its lowly birth

96.

Our mirror is a blessed Book,
Where out from each illumin'd page
We see one glorious Image look
All eyes to dazzle and engage.

The SON of GOD: and that indeed
We see Him as He is, we know,
Since in the same bright glass we read
The very life of things below.

Eye of GOD'S word! where'er we turn,
Ever upon us! thy keen gaze
Can all the depths of Sea discern,
Unravel every bosom's maze.

Who, that has felt thy glance of dread
Thrill through his heart's remotest cells,
About his path, about his bed,
Can doubt what SPIRIT in thee
dwells?

"What word is this? whence know'st thou
 All wondering, cries the humbled heart,
 To hear thee that deep mystery,
 The knowledge of itself, impart."

The veil is rais'd: who runs may read,
 By its own light the truth is seen,
 And soon the Israelite indeed
 Bows down to' adore the Nazarene.

So did Nathanael, guileless man:
 At once, not shamefac'd nor afraid,
 Owning Him GOD, who so could scan
 His musings in the lonely shade;

In his own pleasant fig-tree's shade,
 Which by his household fountain grew,
 Where at noon-day his prayer he ^{made}
 To know GOD better than he knew.

98.

Oh happy hours of heaven-ward thought!
How richly crown'd! how well im-
In praying o'er the Law he taught, ^{prov'd!}
In waiting for the CHRIST he lov'd.

We must not mar with earthly praise
What GOD'S approving word hath
Enough, if right our feeble lays ^{seal'd:}
Take up the promise He reveal'd.

—
"The child-like Faith that asks not
"Waits not for wonder or for sign,
"Believes, because it loves, aright—
"Shall see things greater, things
"divine."

—
"Heaven to that gaze shall open wide,
"And brightest Angels to and fro
"On messages of love shall glide
"Twixt GOD above and CHRIST below."

—

So, still, the guideless man is blest.

To him all crooked paths are straight;
 Him, on his way to endless rest,
 Fresh, ever-growing strengths await.

—
 GOD'S witnesses, a glorious host,
 Compass him daily like a cloud;
 Martyrs and sages, the saved & lost,
 Mercies and judgments, cry aloud.

—
 Yet shall to him the still small ^{voice}
 That first into his bosom found
 A way, and fix'd his wavering
 Nearest and dearest ever sound.

Hymn xxvi.

For St. Michael and all Angels.

"Are they not all ministering
"spirits, sent forth to minister
"for them who shall be heirs of
"salvation?" Hebrews I. 14.

Ye stars that round the Sun of Righteousness.

In glorious order roll,

With harps for ever string, ready to bless
God for each rescued soul;

Ye Eagle spirits, that make your nests in
light;

O! think of us to-day,

Faint warblers of this earth, that would unite
Our trembling notes to your accepted lay!

Your amaranth wreaths were arm'd: & home-
ward all,

Flush'd with victorious might,

Ye might have sped to keep high festival,
And revel in the light.

But meeting us weak worldlings on our way,
Tis'd ere the fight begun,
Ye turn'd to help us in th' unequal fray,
Remembering whose we were, how dearly won:

Remembering Bethlehem, & that glorious night,
When ye, who us'd to soar
Diverse along all space in fiery flight,
Came thronging to adore
Your GOD new-born, & made a sinner's
child;
As if the stars should leave
Their stations in the far ethereal wild,
And round the Sun a radiant circle wear.

Nor less your lay of triumph greeted fair
Our Champion and your King
In that first strife, whence Satan in des-
pair
Sank down on scattered wing.

Alone He fasted, and alone He fought:

But when His toils were o'er,
 Ye to the sacred Hermit duties
 Brought
 Banquet and hymn, your Eden's festal store.

Ye too, when lowest in th' abyss of woe

He plung'd, to save His sheep,
 Were leaning from your golden thrones,
 To know

The secrets of that deep.

But clouds were on His sorrow; one alone

His agonizing call
 Summon'd from Heaven, to stay that bitterest
 And comfort Him, the Comforter of all ^{grief}.

Oh highest favour'd of all spirits create!

If right of thee we deem,
 How didst thou glide on brightening wing
 To meet th' unclouded beam ^{of} ^{glory}

Of JESUS from His couch of darkness rising!

How swell'd thine Anthem's sound,
With fear & mightier joy weak hearts sur-
-prising,

"Your LORD is risen, & may not here be
found!"

Pass a few days, and this dull darkling
globe
Must yield Him from her sight,
Brighter & brighter glows His glory-robe,
And He is lost in light.

Then, while through yonder everlasting
arch
He in innumerable choir
Pour'd, heralding Messiah's conquering
march,
Linger'd around His skirts two forms of
fire.

With us they staid, high warning to
impart:

"The CHRIST shall come again

"Even as He goes: with the same human
heart,

"With the same godlike train."

Oh jealous GOD! how could a sinner
 Think on that dreadful ^{day},
 But that with all Thy wounds Thou wilt be
 And all our angel friends to bring ^{there,} ~~Thou~~ ^{on thy}
 — ^{way?}
 Since to Thy little ones is given such grace,
 That they, who nearest stand
 Alway to GOD in Heaven, & see His face,
 Go forth at His command,
 To wait around our path in weal or
 As erst upon our King, ^{woe,}
 Set Thy baptismal seal upon our brow,
 And waft us heaven-ward with en-
 — folding wing,
 Grant, LORD, that when around th' ^{world} ~~expiring~~
 Our Seraph guardians wait,
 While on her death-bed, ere to ruin
 She owes Thee, all too late, ^{hurled,}

They to their charge may turn, and thank
 Thy mark upon us still;
 Then all together rise and reign with Thee,
 And all their holy joy o'er contrite hearts fulfil.

Hymn xxvii.

For St. Luke's Day.

"Luke the beloved Physician, and Deacon,
 "greet you." Colossians II. 14.

"Deceus hath forsaken me, having
 "loved this present world Only
 "Luke is with me." 2 Tim. IV. 10, 11.

Two clouds before the summer gale
 In equal race fleet o'er the sky;
 Two flowers, when wintry blasts assail,
 Together pine, together die.

But two capricious human hearts -
 No sage's rod may track their ways,

No eye pursue their lawless starts
Along their wild self-chosen mace.

He only, by whose sovereign hand
Even sinners for the evil day
Were made: who rules the world
He plans it,
Turning our worst His own good way,

He only can the cause reveal,
Why, at the same fond bosom fed,
Taught in the self-same lap to kneel,
Till the same prayer were duly said,

Brothers in blood and nurture too
Aliens in soul so oft should prove,
One lose, the other keep. Heaven's clue;
One dwell in wrath, and one in love.

He only knows - for He can read
 The mystery of the wicked heart -
 Why vainly oft our arrows speed,
 When aim'd with most unerring
 art;

While from some rude & powerless arm
 A random shaft in season sent
 Shall light upon some lurking harm,
 And work some wonder little meant

Doubt we, how souls so wanton change,
 Leaving their own experienc'd rest?
 Needs not around the world to range:
 One narrow cell may teach us best

Look in, and see CHRIST'S chosen saint
 In triumph wear his Christ-like chain.
 No fear, lest he should swerve or faint,
 His life is CHRIST, his death is gain.

Two converts, watching by his side,
 Alike his love and greetings share;
 Luke the belov'd, the sick souls' guide,
 And Demas, nam'd in faltering prayer.

Past a few years - look in once more:
 The saint is in his bonds again:
 Save that his hopes more boldly soar,
 He & his lot unchang'd remain.

But only Luke is with him now -
 Alas! that even the Martyr's cell,
 Heaven's very gate, should scope allow
 For the false world's seducing spell!

'Tis sad. But yet 'tis well, be sure,
 We on the sight should muse awhile,
 Nor deem our shelter all secure
 Even in the Church's holiest
 aisle.

Vainly before the shrine he bends,
 Who knows not the true pilgrim's ^{part.}
 The martyr's cell no safety lands
 To him, who lacks the martyr's heart.

But if there be, who follows Paul,
 As Paul his LORD, in life & death,
 Where'er the needs of souls may call
 Ready to speed, & take no break,

Whose joy is, to the wandering sheep
 To tell of the great Shepherd's love,
 To learn of mourners while they weep
 The music that makes mirth above,

Who makes the SAVIOUR all his theme,
 The Gospel all his pride & praise—
 Approach: for thou canst feel the gleam
 That round the Martyr's death-bed
 plays.

Thou hast an ear for Angels' songs,
 A breath, the Gospel trumpet to fill:
 And taught by thee, the Church prolongs
 Her hymns of high thanksgiving
 Still.

Ah! dearest Mother! since too oft
 The world yet wins some Demas frail
 Even from these arms, so kind and soft,—
 May thy tried comforts never fail!

When faithless ones forsake thy wing,
 Be it vouchsaf'd thee still to see
 Thy true, fond nurslings closer cling,
 Cling closer to their LORD and thee!

Hymn LXXVIII.

111.

For S^t. Matthew's Day.

"He went forth, and saw a Publi:
"can named Levi sitting at the receipt
"of custom: and He said unto him,
"Follow me. And he left all, rose up,
"and followed Him."

S^t. Luke V. 27, 28.

Ye hermits blest, ye holy maids,
The nearest heaven on earth,
Who talk with GOD in haunted shades,
Far from rude care and mirth,
To whom some viewless Teacher brings
The secret lore of rural things,
The moral of each fleeting light & shade,
And all the truths by all the changing hours
Display'd;

Say, when in pity ye have gar'd
On the wreath'd smoke afar,

That o'er some town, like mist uprais'd,
 Hung hiding sun and star,
 Then, as ye turn'd your weary eye
 To the green earth and open sky,
 Were ye not fain to doubt how Faith could
 Amid that dreary glare, in this world's ^{desolate} city-
 — del?

But Love's a plant that will not die
 For want of bower or screen,
 And Christian Hope can cheer the eye
 That ne'er sees vernal green.
 Then be ye sure that Love can bless
 Even in this crowded wilderness,
 Where ever-moving myriads seem to say,
 "Go: thou art nought to us, nor we to thee: away!"

—
 There are in this loud stunning tide
 Of human care and crime,

With whom the melodies abide

Of th' everlasting chime;

Who carry music in their heart

Through dusky lanes and wrangling mart,

Plying their daily task with busier feet,

Because their secret song a holy strain
repeat.

—

How sweet to them in such brief rest

As thronging cares afford,

In thought to wander, fancy-hest,

To where their gracious LORD

In vain, to win proud Pharisees,

Spoke, and was heard by fell disease;

But not in vain, beside yon breezy lake

Bade the meek Publican his wonted seat forsake.

—

At once he rose, and left his gold,

His treasure and his heart

Transferr'd, where he shall safe behold
 Earth and her idols past;
 While he beside his endless store
 Shall sit, and floods unsleeping pour
 Of CHRIST'S true riches o'er all time and space,
 First Angel of His Church, first Steward of His Grace.

Nor can ye not delight to think
 Where He vouchsaf'd to eat,
 How the most Holy did not shrink
 From touch of sinners' meat,
 What worldly hearts and hearts impure
 Went with Him through the rich man's door,
 That we might learn of Him lost souls to
 love,
 And view His least and worst with hope to meet
 above.

These gracious lines shed gospel light
 On Mammon's gloomiest cells;
 As on some city's misty night

115.

The tide of sunrise swells,
Till tower and dome, and bridge-way
Are mantled with a golden cloud,
And to wise hearts this certain hope is
"No heaven ward soul abides, hid from the eye of
"Heaven".

—

And oh! if even on Babel shine
Such gleams of Paradise,
Should not their peace be peace divine,
Who day by day arise
To look on clearer Heavens, and scan
The work of GOD untouch'd by man?
Shame on us, who about us Babel bear,
And live in Paradise as if He was not there.

Hymn XXIX.

For the Evening.

Abide with us: for it is towards
 "evening, and the day is far spent:"

St. Luke xxiv. 29.

(See Bishop Andrew's Devotions.)

'Tis gone - that bright and orb'd blaze,
 Fast fading from our wistful gaze:
 Yon mantling cloud has hid from sight
 It's last faint pulse of quivering light.

In darkness and in weariness
 The traveller on his way must press,
 No gleam to watch on tree or tower,
 Wiling away the lonesome hour.

Sun of my soul! Thou SAVIOUR dear!
 It is not night, if Thou be near:

117.
Oh may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servants' eyes!

When round Thy wondrous works below
My searching, rapturous glance I throw,
Tracing out wisdom, Power, and Love,
In earth or sky, in stream or grove;

Or by the light Thy words disclose
Watch Time's full river as it flows,
Scanning Thy gracious Providence
Where not too deep for feeble sense,

When with dear friends sweet talk
I hold,
And all the flowers of life unfold,-
Let not my heart within me burn,
Except in all I Thee discern!-

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My drooping eyelids gently steep,

Be my last thought, "how sweet to rest
 "For ever on our SAVIOUR'S breast".

—
 Abide with me from morn to eve,
 For without Thee I cannot live:
 Abide with me when night is nigh,
 For without Thee I dare not die.

—
 Thou framer of the light and dark,
 Steer through the tempest Thine own
 ark!
 Though winds be rough, & billows high,
 It will not sink, if Thou art by.

—
 The Rulers of this Christian land,
 Twixt Thee and us ordain'd to stand,—
 Guide Thou their course, O LORD, aright,
 Let all do all as in Thy sight.

—
 Oh by thine own sad brother, borne
 So meekly up the hill of scorn,

Teach Thon Thy Priests their daily crops
To bear as Thine, nor count it loss!

If some poor wandering soul of Thine
Has spurn'd, to-day, the voice divine
Now, LORD, Thy gracious work begin,
Let him not sleep to-night in sin.

Watch by the sick: enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store.
Be every mourner's sleep to-night
Like infants' slumbers, pure and
light.

Come near and bless us when we
wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till in the Ocean of Thy Love
We lose ourselves in Heaven above.

Hymn ~~XXX~~.

For the Morning.

"His compassions fail not: they are
"new every morning."

Lamentations III. 22, 23.

Gleams of the rich unfolding morn,
That ere the glorious sun be born,
By some soft touch invisible
Around his path are taught to swell!

Thou rustling breeze so fresh & gay,
That danc'st forth at opening day,
And brushing by with joyous wing
Wakenest each little leaf to sing:

Ye fragrant clouds of dewy steam,
By which deep grove & tangled stream
Pay, for soft rains in season given,
Their tribute to the genial heaven!

Why waste your treasures of delight
 Upon our thankless, joyless right?
 Who day by day to sin awake,
 Seldom of Heaven & you partake -

Hence the poor sinner still has found
 Life but one dull unvarying round,
 And mourn'd, ere half his course
 That "nought is new beneath the sun" ^{was men,}

Oh timely happy, timely wise,
 Hearts that with rising morn arise!
 Eyes, that the gleam celestial view,
 Which coermore makes all things new!

New every morning is the love
 Our wakening and uprising prove,
 Through sleep & darkness safely brought,
 Restor'd to light, & power, & thought.

New mercies, each returning day,
 Hover around us while we pray,
 New penile past, new sins forgiven,
 New thoughts of GOD, new hopes of
 Heaven.

If on our daily course our mind
 Be set to hallow all we find,
 New treasures still, of countless price,
 GOD will provide for sacrifice.

Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier
 be,
 As more of Heaven in each we see.
 Some softening gleam of Love & Prayer
 Shall dawn on every cross & care.

As for some dear familiar strain
 Untir'd we ask, & ask again,
 Ever in its melodious store
 Finding some spell unknown before,

Such is the bliss of souls serene,
 When they have sworn, & steadfast mean,
 Counting the cost, in all t'ey say
 Their GOD, in all themselves deny.

Oh could we learn that sacrifice,
 What lights would all around us
 Flow would our hearts with wisdom ^{rise}
 Along life's dullest, dreariest ^{talk} walk!

We need not bid, for cloister'd cell,
 Our neighbour & our work farewell,
 Nor strive to wind our souls too high
 For sinful man beneath the sky:

The trivial round, the common task,
 Would furnish all we ought to ^{ask}
 Room to subdue ourselves... a road
 To bring us, daily, nearer GOD.

Ask we no more - content with these,
 Let present Rapture, Comfort, Ease,
 As Heaven shall bid them, come & go.
 The secret this of Rest below.

Only, O LORD, in Thy dear love
 Fit us for perfect rest above!
 And help us, this & every day,
 To live more nearly as we pray!

Sept. 19. 1822.

Oh foolish veering heart!
 Why seek thine own annoyance?
 Rest happy in thine innocence.

Let that be thy defence;
 And with none other joyance,
 Seek not abroad to roam,
 When all is right at home.

C. J. C. 1812.

"I am the root & the offspring of
"David, and the bright & morning star."

Revelations xxii. 16.

I wish I were some tranquil lake,
That on its breast might bear
Reflected from the clear blue sky
That "bright & morning star"!

But I am like the troubled sea,
Whose waters cannot rest,
While worldly passions rise and swell
Tumultuous in my breast.

And if sometimes upon a wave
A gleam of light should play,
Succeeding billows soon o'erwhelm
The weak unsteady ray.

But oh Thou SPIRIT sent from GOD,
 Breathe sweetly o'er my soul,
 And lull each troublous wave to rest
 Beneath Thy soft controul!

So may I hope in joyfulness
 Unceasingly to bear
 Reflected on my peaceful breast
 That bright and morning star.

Composed on horseback.

The traveller, when his time is short,
 Speeds careless of the rugged way,
 He loiters not for village sport,
 He lingers not for landscape gay.

The birds, his woodland path beside,
 Riot in wildest blifs of song;

The moonlight streams so softly glide,
He dares not look or listen long.

The Christian knows his time is short.

But ah! the way is long & drear,
And bowers of bliss are set, to court
His spirit from its high career.

Let him not swerve: for storms & night

The erring soul have oft oppressed
But who rides on, is sure of light
To guide him to his promis'd rest

To the Red-breast.

Unheard in Summer's glaring ray,
Pour forth thy notes, sweet singer,
Wooing the stillness of the autumn day!
Bid it a moment linger,
Nor fly
Too soon from Winter's scowling eye.

The Blackbirds song at eventide,
 And hew, who gay ascends
 Filling the Heavens far and wide,
 Are sweet. But none so bleeds
 As thine
 With calm Decay, and Peace divine.

To the memory of - -

Oh stay thee yet, bright image, stay!
 Fleet not so fast from this sad heart,
 Cheer yet awhile my weary way,
 Nor even with parting life depart!

Let Memory paint thee as she will,
 Whether all blithe in childhood's smile,
 Or with that look so sweet & still
 That wayward Care so well could quile,
 Or languishing, like Lily pale,

That waits but till the sunlight ceases,
 Then hides her in her dewy veil,
 And bows her head & sleeps in peace;

Most angel-like! I trust in Heaven
 That yet some impress faint of thee
 May to this wearied heart be given,
 All sad & earth-work though it be.

Who wears so bright a gem within,
 How should His heart from God remove?
 How can he change for toys of sin?
 The earnest of a Seraph's love?

For well I guess - & oft my soul
 Holds tearful triumph in the dream -
 That when Religion's soft controul
 Lights me with pure & placid
 gleam; -

When I do good & think aright,
 At peace with man, resign'd to God;

Thou look'st on me with eyes of light,
 Tasting new joy in joy's abode.
 But in my dark & evil hour,
 When woe & despair mine eyelids seal,
 When worldly passions round me lower,
 And all the Man corruption feels,
 Thou turn'st not, then, thine eye below,
 Or clouds of Mercy roll between,
 Lest earthly shade of fear or woe
 Upon an Angel's brow be seen.

By one alone, thy sister saint,
 Thou watchest even in grief & ill;
 Though on her couch of woe she faint,
 Thine eye of joy is on her still.

For well thou know'st, her every tear
 Becomes a deathless gem in heaven:
 To every pang, well suffer'd here,
 A suffering SAVIOUR'S love is given.

By a Clergyman, on his daughter's¹³¹
last drawing, before she lost her sight.

Here, hapless maid, here ends thy playful
Nature hath shut the book: thy task is done;^{pains,}
Of all her various joys what now remains?
To smell the Violet, and feel the Sun.

In liberal toil thy youthful hands did grow
Quick-moving at thy better senses' call:—
That better sense is gone: thy task is now
To twist the yarn, to grope the friendly^{well.}

Oh! fate severe! Earth's lesson early taught,
That all is vain save Virtue, Love, & Truth!
We own it, all, who through life's day have
But thou hast learn'd it in the ^{wrongt,} ^{morn} of youth.

Pupil of Heaven thou art: compute thy gain
When Dulness loads thee, or regret assails,
All is not lost: for Faith and Hope remain,
And gentle Charity, which never fails.

Now Love shall glow where Envy might have
Now every hand & every eye is thine; borrow'd;
Each passing form, each object undiscern'd
From borrow'd organs thou shalt still
divine.

But thy great MAKER's own transcendant light,
His Love ineffable, His ways of old,
His perfect wisdom, and His presence bright,
Thine eyes, and not another's, shall behold.

On a Monument in
Lichfield Cathedral.

This cannot be the sleep of Death,
Or sure it must be sweet to die,
So soft, this holy roof beneath,
Or such a quiet couch to lie;

Each gently pressing, gently press'd,
To slumber in each others' arms:
This, shrinking to her sister's breast
For shelter from all earth's alarms;

With such entire and perfect trust,
 That even in sleep she seems to say,
 "I shall sleep safe - I know I must,
 "My Ellen holds me night & day."

The other, with maturer grace,
 In dawn of thoughtful womanhood,
 Half upward turns her fair meek face,
 As if an Angel o'er her stood.

As calm her brow, as sure her faith:
 But more than Infants use, she knew
 (If right I guess) of Life and Death -
 Of Death, and Resurrection too.

Already now her ear began
 The depths of solemn sound to trace,
 The thrilling joys that round her ran
 When Music fill'd this holy place:
 Yon dark arch'd galleries, high aloof,
 The glory and the mystery

Of "long-drawn aisle and fretted roof"
 Already caught her wondering eye.
 And she would gaze, when morning's ^{glow}
 Through yonder gorgeous panes was streaming,
 As if in every niche below
 Saints in their glory-robes were gleaming.

To thee, dear maid, each kindly wife
 Was known that elder sisters know -
 To check th' "unseasonable smile"
 With warning hand, and serious brow;
 From dream to dream with her to rove,
 Like fairy Nurse with Hermit child;
 Teach her to think, to pray, to love;
 Make grief less bitter, joy less wild;
 These were thy Tasks: and who can say
 What visions high, what solemn talk,
 What flashes of unearthly day,
 Might bless those Infants' evening walk?

136.

All vainly labours, to desert
The purer world, that liv'd their innocent hearts
within;

Back, Soldier, to thy daily strife!

The virgin whiteness of thy shield
Is sullied: nor till setting life
Can their enjoyments be to thee reveal'd.

Only this secret take with thee,
And let it calm each murmuring thought;
The perfect Rest, thou here dost see,
By vigils of deep agony was bought:

And He, whose blood the purchase
made,
Yet guards it. Make His arms thine
home,
As soft a veil thine eyes shall shade,
To soothe thy wearied soul as glorious visions
come.

1819.

On leaving Sidmouth.

Ye lingering hours Speed on! with infant's
haste
My heart springs homeward. springs to
meet the bliss

Which, but in one dear spot, it ne'er can taste,
 Joy's surest pledge, the dear domestic life.

Yet ere I leave thee, Vale of many flowers,
 My lowly harp would whisper one farewell;
 Though glad to go, I linger in thy bowers,
 And half could wish thou wert my native
 dell.

For oft, from rustling copse or fountains' flow,
 Thine echoes soft have thrill'd mine
 heart along,
 Lulling each wayward care, & dream of woe;
 And the wild wave made solemn under-
 -song.

Oft has the conscious freedom swell'd my breast,
 As on thy downs I drank the rushing gale,
 Or mark'd, far stretching to the dark blue
 west,
 The buoyant glories of the sunbright sail.

And, but my spirit, scar'd by sorrow's brand,
 Can taste no more the better sweets above,
 Some fairy Queen of that enchanted land
 Had heard my harpings in the moonlight
 grove.

Forbidden is that dearest thrill to me,
 But I can feel & heave the kindly gale
 That in the bowers of ease and rural glee
 Cheers the forlorn, and bids the stranger
 hail.

1813.

A Night Thought.

The Moon shines bright:
 Yet o'er this earthly waste
 Loud howls the bitter blast,
 At this hour of dread midnight—
 The forest shakes in wild dismay,
 Rises in form the Ocean spray,
 But heedless of the tempest's force
 The Moon holds on her clear and cloudless
 course.

—
 And thus, my heart!
 Hold on thy steady way:
 Heed not what Fame may say,
 But with firmness act thy part.

139.

So, mid the tempests of this earth,
Mid all the woes of mortal birth,
Thou, calm and undismay'd the while,
May'st look upon the senseless strife, & smile.

C. C. C.

Sonnet I. 1813.

Whom blest with most the gentle dew of Heaven?
Whose heart is sweetest thrill'd by ^{thy} ~~thy~~ ^{song?}
Who, in still musings moonlight bowers among,
Drinks purest light from the soft star of even?
Is it not he, who knows whence each is given,
Who, not unwetting of that Ocean - source
Whence springs each stream of glory, there in
This lower world first compass'd, all are driven, ^{course,}
Seer upon each fair thing the stamp & seal
Of Him, who made it: hears & owns his
Linking all harmonies: but most his heart ^{voice}
The impulse of its master - key doth feel,
And in the consciousness of Heaven rejoice,
When Woman duly plays her angel part.

1840.

Sonnet II.

As one within some dungeon closely pent
But dimly views the blessed depths of
O'er which the clouds by angry tempests ^{Heaven,} driven
Full oft obscure the light thus hardly lent;
So, prison'd in this fleshly tenement
My spirit seeks the light, with Providence
Hath given in mercy to my feeble sense -
Oft o'er its lustre clouds of doubt will
Blown by the gales of Pleasure & of Vice, ^{roll,}
Pouring a dreadful darkness on my soul,
And from my gaze concealing Paradise.
Oh when shall I, from doubt & trammel free,
See perfect truth unvail'd, Eternal GOD, in
Thee?

Sonnet III.

At the burial-place of Dr. H. Hammond,
in the Church-yard of Hampton Lovett,
near Drogheda. Sept^r 9. 1819.

Mute, pastoral, quiet souls! whoe'er ye be,
Who love to ply in peace your daily
Nor of your gracious GOD find aught to ^{task}
ask,

But what may help you in eternity;—
 Kind Spirits, sooth'd & cheer'd ^{where} ye move,
 Soothing & cheering all your woes no less,
 Because in all ye see ye own and bless
 A God who loves you, and accepts your love:—
 Would ye find out a fitting Tomb?— These first,
 Their sea-like drowse soft whispering day & night,
 Hither your weary wandering steps ^{invite}:
 These yew-trees' massive shade, that hardly kiss
 On the gray tomb-stones: all the still Church yard,
 Not mingling with the haunts of men, but seen
 From some few cottage-windows o'er the green,
 (As if just so much of the world it shad'd
 As might wake charity, & silence pride)
 Come take your rest with these by holy Hammond's
 Side.

Sonnet IV.

To a Cave near Sidmouth.

I love thee well, thou solitary cave,
 Though thee no legend or of war or love,
 Or Mermaid issuing from her coral grove

Ennoble: sought beside the fretful wave,
 That round thy portal arch does idly rave,
 Has wak'd thine echoes: nor in lonely age
 Hath seaman sought thee for his hermitage,
 That Ocean's voice might lull him in his grave.
 I love thee, for his sake who brought me here,
 Companion of my wilder'd walk; & bore
 A part in all those visions dim and dear,
 In which my tranced spirit loves to soar,
 When gales sigh soft, & rills are murmuring
 And evenly the tuneful billows war.

1813.

Sonnet V.

Spring Flowers. April. 1820.

The loveliest flowers the closest cling to
 And they first feel the sun: so violets blue,
 So the soft starlike primrose drench'd in dew,
 The happiest of Springs happy fragrant birth.
 To gentlest touches sweetest tones reply:
 Still Humblebloss with her low-breathed
 Can steal on man's proud heart, & win his
 From Earth to Heaven, with mightier witchery

Then Eloquence or Wisdom e'er could own.

Bloom on then in your shade, contented bloom,
Sweet Flowers! nor deem yourselves to all unknown.
Heaven knows ye, by whose gales & dews ye thrive:

They know, who one day for their alter'd doom
Shall thank you, taught by you to 'abuse themselves,
and live -

Sonnet VI.

Sent to a very dear friend, with
the lives of Ridley and Cramer.

Thou, whom with proud & happy heart

I call
Mine, first by birth, but more by love unfeign'd,
And by that awful warfare most of all
To wick by holiest vows we are constrain'd.

Brother! behold thy calling - These are they
Who arm'd themselves with prayer, & boldly
Wisdom's untrodden steep, and won their way.
God's word their lamp, His SPIRIT was their
These would not spare their lives for fear or
ruth;

144.

Therefore their GOD was with them, and the glare
Of their death-fires yet lights the land to truth,
To shew what might is in a Martyr's prayer.
Read & rejoice, but humbly: for our strife
Is perilous like theirs; for endless death or
life.

1817.

Sonnet VII.

An autumnal Sunset.

Sunday, Oct.^r 20. 1816.

When I behold yon arch magnificent
Spanning the gorgeous West, the 'autumnal bed
Where the great sun now hides his weary head,
With here and there a purple Isle, that rent
From that huge cloud, their solid continent,
Seem floating in a sea of golden light,
A fire is kindled in my musing spirit,
And Fancy whispers, Such the glories lent
To this our mortal life - most glowing fair,
But built on clouds, & melting while we gaze.
Yet since those shadowy lights sure witness
bear

Of one not seen, th' undying sun & source
 Of good & fair: who wisely them surveys
 Will use them well, to cheer his heaven-
 ward course.

Sonnet VIII.

At the Tomb of Richard. Hooker,
 in Bishopsborne Chancel, Kent.

The grey-ey'd morn was sadden'd with a
 A silent shower, that trickled down so still,
 Scarce droop'd beneath its weight the tenderest
 flower.
 Scarce could you trace it on the twinkling rill
 Or moss-stone bath'd in dew. It was an hour
 Most meet for prayer beside thy lonely grave,
 Most for thanksgiving meet, that Heaven such power
 To thy serene and humble spirit gave.
 "Who sow good seed in tears, shall reap in joy".
 So thought I, as I watch'd that gracious rain,
 And deem'd it like the silent sad employ,
 Whence sprung thy glory's harvest, to remain
 For ever. GOD hath sworn to lift on high
 Who sinks himself by true Humility.

The Memory of a longlost early friend.
 Oh blessed gem of saintly spotless kind,
 Too pure for mortal casket long to hide,
 Thou sparklest now with the pure light, sup-
 plied
 From Heaven's eternal fountain, where en-
 GOD hides Himself in brightests. Too refin'd
 -shrin'd
 For earthly gaze, thou shin'st without a stain.
 Yet may'st thou, when my spirit springs
 Tow'ard Heaven, though faintly, strike the eye of
 amain
 And draw thought upward as with polar gleam,
 And shed a holy glow o'er prayer, and hope,
 and dream.

1810.

Sonnet X.

Tost to & fro by real or fancied ill,
 Too apt at slightest touch of grief to shrink,
 Restless & discontent - of thee I think,
 Sweet sainted spirit! & my heart is still.
 Of thee, who in thy sweetest hour of prime
 Wast suddenly shut out from earthly joy,
 And bid to turn each thought to that employ.

Which makes provision for the after time. ^{147.}
And well thou hast the high command obey'd.
Therefore thy weary painful couch is made
A mercy-seat of everlasting Love,
Where, leaving for a space their towers above,
Angels delight to linger, and to see
How GOD's own image brightly shines on
thee.

Sonnet XL

Whence is it, though above the common
Of life I have been blest, that still I find
My heart fly homeward, & th' unconscious
Count up the hours until I reach ^{that} spot?
It is because, where'er our feet may roam,
GOD in His loving-kindness has impress'd
A secret something on the human breast,
Which makes us find our only rest in Home.
Much more to me, who there have left behind
The dearest treasures in my heart enshrin'd.
Belov'd ones: if our meeting be thus sweet;

In an imperfect troubled world like this,
 What, think ye, will it be again to meet,
 Where nought can sully or disturb our
 bliss?

By the Sea-side. Jan. 1814.

There were two birds upon that desert shore,
 And the winter wind howl'd mourn-
 And the wave pour'd in unison a hollow moan.
 Yet happy in each other's company
 They uttered no wailings of distress,
 But found a joy in that vast loneliness.

And thus, when on thee as on some bright star
 I gaze, but give no utterance
 To thoughts, that age my midnight slumbers
 mar,
 Wishes, how vain! to this lone bosom glance,
 That mid the buffetings of adverse fate
 Benignant Heaven would grant me such a mate.

Then might Unkindness bitter breezes blow,
 And with her wintry eye, Forgetfulness

Look solitude around me. Love should show
 His eye from Heaven, tempering their bitterness,
 And, like the Moon upon December snow,
 On freezing hearts should pour his summer
 glow.

G.

On hearing a Flute sounded by a
 Harp, & the latter vibrating in unison.

When from the flute's melodious voice
 Distils the liquid note,
 Amid the harp-strings as it strays,
 Running a wild voluptuous maze,
 Doubtless it seems to float,
 And when at length some kindred Key
 Calls forth its power of sympathy,
 It seems with trembling pleasure to rejoice.

Thus when we launch upon this sea
 Of woe and malice,
 Long time in vain we roam, to find
 Th' associate and congenial mind

That strikes in unison,
 And when at last the soul we meet
 Whose bosom owns the self-same beat,
 Rejoic'd we hail the port, where we would
 be.

J. T. C. Anticipation
 of failure in writing for a Prize at Oxford.
 June 2? 1811. (the night before the decision).

Stay yet awhile, ye gems of light,
 That deck the radiant crown of night,
 And oh fair Moon, a moment stay,
 Nor yield so soon to dusky day;
 For many a hope, that smiles so fair,
 That day shall change to sad despair,
 And dreaming Joy shall wake to sor-
 row
 Before thy beam, unlovely morrow.
 Yes. many a weeping Muse shall tear
 The fancied garland from her hair,
 And break her strings, & oft complain

Of Fortunes' spite, & luckless strain.
 While thoughts, that swell'd the bounding
 Shall slowly, sadly, all depart.^{heart,}

Maid of my song! unhonour'd now,
 And thou shalt fain to deck thy brow
 With faded wreaths: a sweeter lyre,
 A nobler hand, a bolder fire,
 Shall o'er thy weaker numbers rise,
 And gaily grasp the easy prize.

Yet not the less I love thy power
 Or court thee in thy shaping hour.
 For still, as erst, thy soft controul
 Shall still the tumults of my soul,
 Shall soothe the pains it may not heal,
 And double every joy I feel.

And those heart-honour'd few I love
 Shall still thine idle notes approve,
 And smiling at the measure wrong,
 Love me the dearer for thy song.

Consolation to a young Lady who
had forgotten her Sister's Birth-day.

Grieve not, though Mary's birth-day past
Without one joyous rhyme.

When days are bright, & hours fly fast,
Who measures bliss by time?

When grief has dimm'd over darkling
Such lonely gleams are dear;
But who can mark one happy day,
If happy through the year?

Such sweet forgetfulness be thine,
So ever live and love,
No need of gift, or votive line,
The fond, glad heart to prove.

On leaving Corpus Christi College.

How soft, how silent, has the stream of
Time
Borne me unheeding on; since first I dream'd

Of Peace & Glory in thy Shade,
 Scenes of mine earliest harpings! Then if,
 (As through thy courts I took my nightly ^{of the} round,
 When thine embattled line of shadow hid
 The moon's white glimmering) on my charmed ^{ear}
 Have swell'd of thy triumphant minstrelsy
 Some few faint notes - if one exulting chord
 Of my touch'd heart has thrill'd in unison,
 Shall I not cling unto thee? Shall I cast
 No strained glance on my adopted home,
 Departing? Seat of calm Delight, farewell.
 Home of my Muse, & of my Friends! I near
 Shall see thee, but with such a gush of soul
 As flows from him, who welcomes some lov'd
 Lost in his childhood. Yet not lost to me ^{face}
 Art thou: for still my heart exults to own
 thee,
 And Memory still, and Friendship, make
 thee mine.

June 27. 1811.

154. To E.K. on her Birth-day.

July 16. 1810.

Oh it is sweet, when the wanderer's return'd,
To catch the glad sound from his own
And bethink him, how oft he has ^{village tower,} smil'd &
^{has mourn'd,}
Since it died on his ear, as he left the lov'd
Bower.

Oh it is sweet, when the night-Dream has fled,
And cheerily breathes the fresh gale of the morn,
To muse o'er each wildering of rapture & dread,
And trace ~~where~~ the soul in fond fancy was
borne.

But sweeter, this hour, to the girl of our
hearts,
While Time plumes his wing for another
blithe year,
To look back, & enjoy what Remembrance imparts.
Tints of Rapture, just mellow'd by Grief's holy tear.

So still may we view her with health in her
eyes -
Then rought shall this day of its transports be -
guile:
So delightful each hour, we could weep that
it flies,
But the bliss of the next turns the tear to a smile.

A wet day at Midsummer.

June 23. 1812.

How mournfully the lingering rain-drops sound,
As, one by one, they rustle on the leaves,
To him, who vainly groans in sad suspense,
Watching some pale lov'd face! The summer
Is dimm'd by showers, & murky hues o'ercast
The comfortable glow, that us'd to cheer
This musing hour. I'm such a mist has hung
O'er thee, sweet sister, whereas thou hast look'd
From thy sad couch o'er lawns & turfey glades,
Where erst, the lightest in the rural throng,
Blithesome you roiv'd, in blessing all most
And as even now beneath yon dusky arch
Bursts unexpected light, so Faith's fond eye
Looks on to-days of health, when smilingly
We shall recount these long anxieties,
And Bliss be dearer for remember'd woe.

Home. Sicknefs.

Why art thou sad, my soul, when all around
Such loveliness salutes thee? fragrant airs,

Bowes of unfading green, soft murmuring brooks,
 Gay sunny slopes, that wear their vernal hues
 Mocking the breath of winter; gorgeous cliffs,
 And Ocean's awful pageantry; & more
 And dearer far, soft smiles, & radiant eyes -
 Thou wert not wont with dim & vacant gaze
 To look on these: then wherefore art thou sad?
 Thou art not here: far distant many a mile
 Thou lingerest, & beneath life's genial skies,
 Hovering unseen around th' untimely couch
 Of thine own best-belov'd: & thou dost grieve
 Because thou art not of that happy choir
 That holds sweet evening converse at her side;
 Because thou shavest not that pledge of ^{peace,}
 A Father's nightly orison; because
 Hearts, knit to thine as its own vital
 Partake not of thy wonderings & thy joys. ^{flakes,}
 I stifle not thy sighs: 'tis meet that thou
 Shouldst mourn.

Sidmon H. 1 Jan 7. 1813.

Recollection of a lost sister. 157

Oh thou, whose dim and tearful gaze
Dwells on the shade of blessings gone,
Whose fancy some lost form surveys,
Half-deeming it once more thy own.

Oh check that shuddering sob-controul
That life all quivering with despair,
The thrillings of the startled soul,
That wakes & finds no lov'd one
there.

'Tis hard, in life's first wearying stage,
From guiding, soothing souls to part,
To part, unchill'd by grief or age,
Sister from sister, heart from heart.

Yet though no more she share, her love
Thy way of woe still guides & cheers,
And from her cap of bliss above
One drop she mingles with thy tears.

158.

A fine spring morning.

March 1812.

GOD'S mercy is in the pure beam of Spring,
The gale of morning is His blessed breath
Cheering created things; that, as they drink
At these low founts of intermitting joy,
Their souls may bless Him, & with quicken'd
Pant for the river of life, & light of ^{thirst} Heaven.
O sun-bright gleams, and ye unfolding depths
Of azure space! what are ye, but a pledge
And precious foretaste of that cloudless day,
Gladdening, at intervals, the good man's
With earnest of Infinitude? ^{heart} Meanwhile
He on his rugged path moves cheerily
Toward joys, that mock the measuring eye
Of Hope,
As yon abyss ethereal mocks our gaze.

First sight of the sea.

Isle of Wight. Aug. 5.
1812.

Visions of vastness & of beauty! long,
Too long have I neglected ye: content

Nor to have ~~sooth'd~~^{sooth'd} my soul to rest among
 Your evening lullabies of breeze & wave,
 When the low sun, retiring, glow'd from far
 Like pillar'd gold upon your marble plain,
 Nor yet, wild wak'd from that deceitful ^{calm,}
 When the storm wav'd his giant scourge, & ^{rode}
 Upon the rising billows, have I sat
 Listening with fearful joy, & pulse that ^{throb'd}
 In unison to every bursting wave.
 Yet the strong passion slept within my ^{soul}
 Like an unawaken'd sense: even as the blind
 Mingles in one dear dream all softest sounds,
 All smoothest surfaces, & calls it light.
 Such lovely formless visions late were mine,
 Dear to remembrance yet: but far more dear
 The present glories of this world of waves.
 So, through a glass seen darkly, do we deem
 Of things eternal: but even now is the hour
 When gales from Heaven shall blow, & the true ^{Sun}
 Rising in glory o'er the 'unknown expanse

Shall pour at once upon' th' 'unbodied Soul
 Floods of such blessedness, as mortal sense
 Might not endure, nor spirit, heat in flesh
 Imagine dimly. Be my race so run
 In holy Faith and righteous diligence,
 That, purg'd from earthly film & fear, my Soul
 May catch her first glimpse of Eternity!
 Gradual may mists roll off, and the calm
 Still smile and brighten as we draw more ^{wave} near.

On being requested to write some
 verses in a friends' common-place-book.

Nay ask not for a lay of mine,
 Too fitful is my Spirit's gleam,
 With wavering and unsteady shine
 It mocks me like a lover's dream.

And oh my heart is all too weak,
 And all too faltering is my tongue:
 I cannot gain, I dare not seek
 Th' ennobling meed of sacred song.

For lofty look, and open brow,
 Heart fearless in its glorious aim,
 That shrinks not from the slanderer's blow,
 Shrinks not from aught, save wise men's
 blame;—

These, and the self-possessing mind
 That views unmov'd, but not in scorn,
 All earth-born aims of lowlier kind,—
 With the true Bard should all be
 born.

But I— if e'er from dewy eye
 Or summer sun my soul catch fire,
 Too soon the lights of minstrelsy
 Quench'd in some gale of care
 expire.

Nor upward to its native Heaven
 Ascends the altar-flame: but wild
 By some capricious fancy driven
 Leaves all forlorn Hope's dreaming
 Child.

162. With a present of Petrarca's
Sonnets. Sept. 14. 1813.

These are the workings of a spirit pure
And high, & zealous; one of those elect,
Whom the Allwise hath beckon'd from the ^{crew}
Of meaner souls, to set their thrones on high
Among the sons of men. Do thou, my friend,
My Coleridge, spirit zealous, pure, & high,
Accept them - not misdeeming of their worth,
Because the worldly & the sensual slight
Their precious fragrance, too refin'd for sense
Unpurg'd & gross as theirs. But thou hast ^{walk'd}
Among the gardens of true Poesy,
And every rectar dew that drops at eve,
And every balmy steam, that morn exhales,
Has steep'd thy soul in gladness.

Thou wilt love
The laurel'd Bard, whether his burning ^{wife},
Touch'd by the sun-beam of reviving Rome,
Ring out, as Memnon's' erst, & rouse the sons
Of his own Italy to arms and song.

Or chant his hermit hymn to Heaven & Love,
 Soft yet severe - for Piety had fram'd
 The melody, and every wilder chord
 Was temper'd to her sober undertone.
 So Love seem'd what he is: a spirit de-
 vout,
 Owning God nearest in His loveliest work.

Such shalt thou feel, & such for thee be felt,
 My Coleridge, in th' appointed hour, if Heaven
 Loathe not my frequent suit: for I have tried
 And known thee: I have provid' thee true
 and kind,
 Wise for the simple, for the wavering firm,
 And much it grieves me, that in Life's dark
 mare
 So soon our paths should sever.

Fare thee well;
 And as along the lowly vale I wind,
 Scale thou unti'd, yet sometimes making sign
 That thou rememberest me, the mountain's height,
 And be thy glory as thy virtue! Yet,
 Yet once again, insatiable of good
 For thee & thine, my tide of gratitude

164.

Must flow towards Heaven: for what am I below?
Oh Thou All Merciful! be thou my friends²
Beneath Thy wing for ever! visit them
With daily blessings, nightly dreams of
Bliss!
Be Memory still their Comforter, & Hope
Their constant Guide! Be wise & good men's
Love
Their stay on earth! Be Thou their rest in
Heaven!

With Southey's Madoc, and
Thalaba: to a Lady.

Lady! if thou art one, whose inward eye
In the clear brightness of the summer sun,
Or on the mountain top, where rolling clouds
Pavilion cover, sees with fearful gaze,
Fearful yet clear, the vast & awful form
Of the great Ruler: - if thy listening ear,
In noon-day stillness, or the uproar wild
When every giant arm in all the wood
Labours in wild commotion - if thine
ear

Yet marks the still small voice of Nature's
 Then well to thee, & gladly, may I ^{hymn} bring
 These strains of highest mood, that melt the
 And stir all feelings of sublime ^{soul} delight.

Pure *Kailyal is not here: yet Laila's
 Oniraa's mild rebuke, Senena's ^{tears} love,
 And high Goeroyl, shall instruct thee
 What Woman may be, and what ^{well} may are.
 Playful and artless, on the summer wave
 Sporting with buoyant wing, the fairy scene
 With fairest grace adorning: but in woe,
 In poverty, in soul-subduing toils,
 In patient tending on the sick man's bed,
 In ministrings of love, in bitterest pains
 Faithful & firm - in scenes where sterner hearts
 Have crack'd, still cheerful, & still kind -
 In penils bold - in high enduring strength
 Stronger than man - in gentleness & truth
 As true & gentle as Heaven's guardian
 *See "The Close of Kalyana". Angels.

Evening Reflections.

When Twilight's calmest steals around,
 I mid yon min'd cloysters stray,
 I feel I tread on holy ground,
 And silent, wrapt in thoughts profound,
 Chase every grosser care away.
 I own the influence of the Hour,
 I feel a secret solemn power,
 That frees my soul from earthly leaven,
 And elevates my thoughts to Heaven.

And when I view the sunbeams thro
 Their latest influence o'er the deep,
 Buddying the waters' silent flow,
 I can with chaste'n'd pleasure glow,
 Yet pensive turn and weep.
 And yet the cause I cannot tell,
 I own and love the feelings well,
 Feel, that my soul they purify,
 And lift me to my native sky.

167.

And long, my heart, these feelings cherish,
Let no gross passion bid them fly,
For when they fail, together perish
The last & lingering sparks of Immortality.
G. J. C.

To the Nightingale.

All hail, thou messenger of spring & love,
Full fraught with Music & congenial thoughts,
What spell unknown from balmy southern
grove,
From purer air, & skies without a blot,
Does round thy charmed beak & pinions rove,
Mellowing our rude air to receive thy note?
Art thou indeed a thing of soul - left frame,
And burns that bosom with no minstrel flame?
Ah no! for sure those thrilling tones, had mind,
That trembled from beneath the evening
star,
In whose soft light thou sittest as enshrined,
While woods & waves are rustling from afar,
And to thy varied descent the low wind
Makes fitful answer, with no voice may
mar

168.

Of beast or meaner bird: they silent all
Are held, by that sweet chain, in willing
thrall.

Thy song hath language; to each heart of Man
It sounds in unison; but who are they,
Who best thy mystic melodies may hear?—

The Poet, musing at the close of day;
He who with heavy heart & visage wan,
In thought of vanish'd bliss, does sadly
The lover when his true love is not by,
And the rapt smile of heaven-taught Infancy.

Full greedily the joyous infant drinks
Those wildly quivering notes, then fling'it
Lost in the joy of grief, the mourner shrinks
From what he loves - thy sadder melody;
And in thy long low note the lover thinks
He hears the echo of his lonely sigh;
But be thy song of joyance or of woe,
Still o'er his inmost heart the Poet feels it
flow.

1812.

Spring or Autumn?

Tell me, ye maidens fair and wise,
 Who joy in Nature's loveliness,
 What forms, what hues, in earth or skies,
 Doth Beauty most delight to bless?
 Comes she on Autumn's sounding wing,
 Or on the frolic wind of Spring?

Dwells she beneath that banner bright
 That o'er the car of morning streams,
 Or waiting for the wan moonlight
 Where the faint rose of evening
 Kindles her eye with Hope's full blaze,
 Or melts in Memory's lingering gaze?

Memory and Hope, if right I deem,
 Are partners in the dance of bliss,
 And Beauty draws her changeful gleam
 Now from that sister, now from this;
 Still luring us to Heaven our home
 By joys gone by or joys to come.

170. On Newton Cliff in Nottinghamshire -
the Birth-day of a friend; 10 days
after her marriage. Aug. 21. 1820.

Blow fresh & fair, thou cheerful summer breeze
Let rustling corn, light reeds, & wavy trees

Join the soft swell of Trent's majestic wave
All sounds, that tell of Nature's blithest life,
Bespeaking Mirth, & Joy, & mimic Strife,
Blend with a few low notes in measure glad
but grave.

And be the time when the last summer sun
From his meridian throne has just begun

To slope his westering course: let one soft
cloud,
Mantling around him, pour its liquid glow
O'er wood & dale & tower & spire below,
And in its showery skirts th' horizon blue en-
shroud.

To may the various view best answer make
To thoughts, that in their bosoms are awake,
Who now on this sequester'd terrace ram,

Their eyes now wandering round the prospect wide,
 Now fondly fix'd, where all their hearts abide,
 Or one dear shelter'd spot, their sacred, happy home.

And if those eyes I read not all amiss,
 The day seems richer in its tearful bliss
 Than ever in its gayest hours of mirth:
 Sweet dreams, sweet hopes, sweet recollections
 rise,
 And she, who now is vanish'd from their eyes,
 Is nearer to their hearts. the dearest
 thing on earth.

Oh then, blest tenants of the sweetest isle
 That ever greeted with its soothing smile
 Tir'd wanderers o'er the world's tempestuous
 void;
 Mourne not, though henceforth one lov'd foot-
 -step less
 Your consecrated turf may duly press,
 And tend your quiet bowers, enjoying & enjoy'd.

Look how you stream, of you beloved so well,
 Is lovelier, sometimes plunging in his dell,

172.

And lost in winding round his verdurous ^{wall,}
Then if to broad bright Sunshine all the way
He held his mirror: so this happy day
Shines happier through such Tears, as ^{now}
from you may fall.

So too your own fair garden faire shews
For the grey tombs that in its grasp repose,
And solemn anker with your flowers
inwreathing:
Where round the Church, ^{*} as from its central shrine,
The charm of Love domestic, Love divine,
O'er every little leaf by day and night
is breathing.

Happy, who know their happiness not here,
To whom sad thoughts of Time & Change are dear,
As bearing earnest of eternal rest;
Who, at Love's call or Death's, contented part,
And feel Heaven's peace the deeper in their
Brooding like fondest dove ^{heart,} upon her
darling nest.

* Fledborough Church ^{with} stands in the Parsonage garden.

By the sea-side.

Gently heaves the moonlight ocean,
 Towers a rock in darksome pride -
 Each small wave in glad commotion
 Quivering glistens on its side.

To, in majesty of sorrow,
 When the good man frowns on life,
 Smiles from Heaven the Child should
 Soothing all his spirits' ^{borrow} strife.

Sidmouth 1813.

Travelling at Home.

G. J. C.

Of other regions cease to tell,
 Cities and star-pointing Hills:
 This native valleys simple well
 My ardent thirst of Nature fills.

I am content. In morning's cloud
 Ten thousand gorgeous domes I spy,
 Alps over Alps aspiring proud,
 And forests in the evening sky.

174.

Sonnet XII.

Thou home-bound Traveller! to thee is given
 On wings of Faith & Love to speed thy flight,
 And pierce the clouds that veil our mortal sight.
 For thou hast had thy first bright glimpse of Heaven.
 And since that hour some pure & hallow'd air
 Surrounds thee, that all sin's bewitching
 Dissolves, & with a mighty force repels ^{Shells}
 Each rude unholy thing, that ventures near.
 Thou art not of this world. Thy spirit finds
 Its rest in Heaven - & trusting that above
 Thou may'st renew the last fond tie that
 Thy heart to earth-long, tried domestic ^{binds} love,
 Calmly thou waitest till thy Father's voice
 Shall summon thee in His blest presence to
 rejoice.

S. T. 1820.

A River, wch on its approach to the
 sea is lost among the shingles of the Beach.

You stream, that from its fuzzy bower
 Has toil'd full many an hour,
 Yet with an onward course, & cheery,
 And at her labour singing cheerily,

Lies as a Lake: & pebbles hide
Her union with the rising tide.

And canst thou tell, thou loitering one,
Where the waters are gone?

They have not perish'd from the earth,
But they shall rise in second birth,
And so, from all pollution free,
Shall join the everlasting sea.

And deem not that these waters lie
In vain so quietly.

'Tis meet that we should pause a while,
Ere we put off this mortal coil,
And in the stillness of old age
Muse on our earthly pilgrimage.

G. J. C. 1817.

Sonnet XIII.

Say, gentle spirit, if to thee is given
To dwell untouch'd by human care or woe,
That thus thou walkest mid our storms below

Serene, as though thou trodst the calm of Heaven?
 Oh no! each son of man is born to grief -
 But thou, since here we seek in vain for rest,
 Hast softly laid thee on thy SAVIOUR'S breast,
 Looking to Him alone for sure relief.
 Therefore His smile is on thee, & His eye
 Beams with a love ineffable, divine.
 He counts each tear, receives each broken
 And with His sorrows gently sweetens ^{sigh} thine.
 I wonder then no more where thou hast found
 The holy peace thou shed'st on all around.
 S. T. 1822.

For an Evening Hymn.

LORD! with Thy gracious love & guidance blest,
 Protect & sanctify our nightly rest!
 Sleep is Death's image: but we may defy
 Substance & shade alike, if Thou be nigh.
 May Prayer & Praise our latest thoughts employ,
 So nought of evil shall our sleep annoy:
 And may each day of life, while life is given,
 Be Prelude to the eternal day of Heaven.

177.

For how the ways of Spirits can we know,
Unless we first shall practise them below?
Or how mid Angel choirs our songs uprear,
Unless we first assay our voices here?

T.A.

The Communion of Saints.

Say, do we err, when we delight
T' indulge the fond conceit,
That Saints above with Men below
May oft in Spirit meet?

Oh surely not - too dear the thought,
Too soothing to the heart,
That any harsh discordant voice
Should bid it thus depart.

But though we should; one blessed Truth
Nor Time nor Chance can move -
The fellowship of Saints below,
And interchange of Love.

Into "one Body" are they join'd:
One SPIRIT breathes through all,

178.

And all to one assured "Hope"
Does GOD in mercy call.

"One LORD" they own, "one Faith" profess,
By Baptism they are made
The Children all of that "one GOD",
Who all things does pervade.

United by these holy bands
How might we journey on
In gladness to our heavenly home,
"The City of the Sun".

But Pride & Selfishness to wear
This gentle chain refuse;
And thus we walk in sadness on,
And half our comforts lose.

Then help us, gracious LORD! these sins
To fight with and subdue,
That, loving & belov'd, we may
With joy our way pursue.

And grant we all again may meet
 Where sin shall be no more,
 And ever hold Communion sweet
 With all we lov'd before.

S. T.

Power of Music.

When whispering strains do softly steal
 With creeping passion through the heart,
 And when at every touch we feel
 Our pulses beat & bear a part,
 When strings can make
 A Heart-string quake,
 Philosophy
 Cannot deny
 The soul consists of Harmony.

When unto heavenly joys we feign
 Whate'er the soul affecteth most,
 Which only thus we can explain, -
 By music of the winged host,
 Whose lays, we think,
 Make stars to wink, -

180.

Philosophy
Can scarce deny
The soul consists of Harmony.

Oh! lull me, lull me, charming air!
My senses rock'd in wonder sweet.
Like snow on wool thy fallings are,
Soft like a Spirit are thy feet.
Grief who need fear
That hath an ear?
Down let him lie,
And slumbering die,
And change his soul for Harmony.

Anonymous. in the reign of R. Charles I.

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